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GIPSYING OVER THE WORLD.

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‘Gens immonde
D’un ancien monde.
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THE ubiquity of the Gipsy race is one of the most astonishing of ethnographical phenomena. They pitch their tents on the southern slope of the Himalayas, and along the Indus and the Tigris. We have met them under the shady palm-trees of the Nile, among the mountains of Syria and Palestine, and in the shadow of the Acropolis of Athens. They are to be found in the streets of Jerusalem and Damascus, and are scattered thickly over Eastern Europe. Families of Gipsies have been seen in Siberia. They dwell among the swarthy tribes of Nubia, and mingle with the Turkomans of Independent Tartary, and with the Ilihans of Persia. In Italy, in Bohemia, in the rural districts of France and England, and especially in Hungary and the southern provinces of Spain, the traveller can hardly avoid coming in contact with numerous representatives of this singular people.* In all these lands, from the heaths of ‘merrie England’ to the distant shores of the Ganges, we behold an exhibition of the same rustic life, and meet the tawny children of a race scattered over the earth, as fallen leaves are scattered by the winds of autumn.

That the Gipsies should be so widely dispersed, is marvellous, but by no means so singular as that they should have preserved in so marked a manner their distinguishing characteristics. In the Occident and in the Orient, exposed to the chilly winds of the north, or basking in the sunny skies of the south, the Gipsies wear the same dress, speak the same language, and pursue in the main the same nomadic and precarious life, and this when the representatives of the race have been separated from each other by centuries, oceans, and continents. Neither time, climate, nor

* The Gipsies are known by many different names in different parts of the world, and are supposed to number in all about five million souls.

example have exercised their usual influence upon them. The Gipsies of to-day, whether under the burning sun of Africa, or among the pale-faced children of the north, are essentially the same as their ancestors. They learn nothing from those among whom they live, and exist an unsocial and promiscuous multitude, floating among the fixed dwellings of civilization. Not one of the waves of immigration which have from time to time swept into Europe from Asia resembles that of the Gipsies. Their history is unique. Conquered provinces and cities have in turn imposed their customs upon the conquerors, but the children of this nomadic race have imposed nothing upon, have borrowed nothing from, the nations among whom they have encamped. Thus they exist, practically so far below the law as never to have been recognized save to feel the weight of persecution, exhibiting the strange phenomenon of a distinct people within a people, of a government within a government.

Dispersed more widely over the world than even the scattered remnants of Israel, they are ethnographically, wandering vagabonds; politically, democrats of the open air and good adventure; religiously, outward conformists to the faith of those among whom they move and have a temporary being, but thought to cherish at the same time a mysterious faith of their own. Holding themselves usually for Christians or Mohammedans, they are without Christian or Mohammedan worship; belonging to the great world, they are without worldly possessions; and making a pretence to patriarchal customs, they lead a vagrant life, telling fortunes where all are equally unfortunate, and begging where all are reduced to the condition of beggars.

Suddenly, as if fallen from the heavens, the Gipsies made their appearance in Europe at the beginning of the fifteenth century. They were strangers. Of their customs, language, and religion nothing was known. Whence they had come so mysteriously, or for what purpose, no one could surmise. Their number and appearance were such, indeed, as to excite the wonder of all, while in the minds of the superstitious, the advent of so remarkable a people was ominous of evils impending over mankind. There were those who believed that the bands of Gog and Magog had been let loose; and many foresaw in the arrival of the nomadic hordes the approaching overthrow of society, and the destruction of the world.

To the fair-skinned Europeans dwelling in towns and cities, how strange must have appeared the dusky tribes wandering in their midst! Two ages seemed to be brought together, and barbarism placed in strangest contrast with civilization. The bearing of the dark-haired strangers was bold and confident. Their lank and tawny limbs were wrapped in rags; their eyes were black and piercing, their speech gibberish. Having a Bedouin love of the open air, they despised nothing so much as the roof of a house, and were content to dwell in the gloomy caverns of the mountains, or in tents, through which they could look up to the shining stars.

Their manner of life was wretched even for that wretched age, when chimneys and glass-windows were unknown, and princes slept on piles of straw. Here to-day and there to-morrow, subsisting by theft and divination, such were the Gipsies when they first pitched their smoky camps in Europe, and such they have continued to the present day.

In 1417 Gipsy hordes appeared on the western coast of the Black Sea. A short time afterward many thousands of them had traversed Hungary, and were scattered over Germany, some having watered their worthless steeds in the crystal streams of the Alps, and others penetrated to the shore of the Baltic.

THE Gipsies represented themselves to be 'holy people from the land of Egypt.' Some of them said: 'We are Christian pilgrims, expiating, by voluntarily wandering over the earth seven years, the sins of our ancestors, who refused hospitality to the Virgin and the infant Jesus when they sought refuge in Egypt.' Others declared: 'We were once Christians, but having gone back to heathenish practices for seven years, when our country was overrun by the Saracens, have been condemned by the Pope to wander among the nations an equal length of time as pilgrims in tattered garments, suffered to sleep only on the naked earth. After seven years we shall again return to our country, and others then go forth as we have done, for it is only by this perpetual pilgrimage that the curse of Heaven can be removed.' Others, still, gave out, that as a just punishment for their sins, they had been driven from Egypt, and compelled to choose

'This frantic dress, and make the earth their bed.'

In the fifteenth century nothing was held more sacred or inviolable than the person of the pilgrim who journeyed in want and privation to some distant shrine. No one was deemed so holy as the devotee who had renounced the world for a life of sorrow and prayer. And what is more touching to look upon than the way-worn pilgrim in penitential garb? But here was a whole people doing penance for the sins of others, whose journeyings and fastings surpassed all that had been written in pious books, or sung in pilgrim ballads.

It is not surprising that by these professions the Gipsies obtained in many parts of Europe, the protection of both Church and State. Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, in view of their alleged misfortunes, gave them a free passport for his wide domains, and commended them to the good will and charity of his subjects. As a mark of extraordinary favor, it was stipulated therein that in case of crimes or disorderly conduct, the strangers should be judged and punished, not by the authorities of the kingdom, but by their own leader, whom they styled 'Duke Ladislaus.'

The Gipsies also claimed to have received a similar passport from the Pope. However that may be, they were almost every

where treated with marked indulgence. Their marvellous stories were generally believed. It was thought a Christian duty to alleviate as far as possible their sorrowful pilgrimage in Europe. Like the crazy or half-witted saints of the Mussulmans, the Gipsies were permitted to cheat and steal at pleasure. One of the old chroniclers states that it was considered a crime of the highest magnitude to offer any violence to the Egyptian pilgrims, who were allowed to rob on the highways and practise every species of imposition with impunity.

But when the mystery connected with the first appearance of the Gipsies had passed away, it was discovered, that so far from being Christian penitents, they were heathen, without any idea of Christianity, if indeed of any religion whatever.

In the year 1422 the government of Basle in Switzerland warned its good citizens against the Gipsies, describing them as 'most artful and cunning in all possible devices against the established rights of possession.'

'At church,' continues the proclamation, 'they take soap into the mouth and wound the nostrils with straws, in order to foam and bleed, as if subject to convulsions. They have ointments wherewith they give themselves the appearance of having fallen into the fire, or met with other accidents, out of which they pretend St. Nicholas has helped them. Strong fellows go about with long knives, as if they had killed somebody in self-defence, and, under pain of death, must raise a sum of money in a certain length of time. Females ask alms by St. Mary Magdalene, saying that they have been public women, but now wish to reform. They have a way of besmearing the face, so as to give themselves the appearance of having been sick a long time, but on making an ablution, it is all over. Blind persons also bind bloody pieces of cotton over the eyes, and say: 'We were merchants, and when travelling through a forest were plundered, had our eyes thrust out, and were left bound to a tree, from which condition we were at last relieved by good people passing by.' They conceal their clothes, besmear themselves with oil and nettle seeds, so as not to freeze, and sit naked and shivering before the churches, in order to induce people to give them clothing. Some of them carry chains, and rend their garments like lunatics and persons possessed of evil spirits. Others look learnedly into old books, which they hold before their eyes, pretending that they came from holy places a long way off, and will pray to St. John the Evangelist for any one who will give them alms.'

Down to the seventeenth century it was very generally believed that the Gipsies were of Egyptian origin. They were supposed, from the secret arts they practised, to be descendants of the sorcerers who imitated the miracles of Moses, and of the taskmasters who imposed heavy burdens upon the children of Israel. Their daughters danced like the Egyptian women at the feast of Bubostes and in the procession of Canopus. Grisellini relates, that on entering a gipsy hut in Hungary, he was surprised to see a

mother feeding her son, who was suffering from a cutaneous disease, with the boiled flesh of a snake, in the same manner as the ancient Egyptians ate the flesh of serpents as the mildest and most effective remedy for elephantiasis. In another place he found a Gipsy woman hatching eggs in horse-dung, just as the Egyptians have done from the most ancient times. Joseph Scaliger believed the Gipsies to be Coptic Christians, and several writers have contended that when Sultan Selim conquered Egypt in 1517, many of the people refusing to submit to the Turkish yoke, fled from the country under a leader Zinganeus. Unfortunately for this theory, a century had already elapsed since the first appearance of the Gipsies in Europe. Their language was found to be unlike the Coptic, and their customs entirely different from those of the Egyptians. And we have seen bands of Gipsies seated under the palm-trees of the Nile, who regarded themselves and were regarded by others as strangers in the land of Egypt.

Whence then originated the marvellous stories of the Gipsies respecting their eastern origin? They could not have invented them, being an ignorant and unlettered multitude. It is not improbable that in their wanderings, many of the Gipsies had visited Egypt, but that was not their native land.

The Greek Christians of Eastern Europe, far more ignorant and superstitious than the Catholics of the west, must have been terrified at the sudden apparition of these barbarous Gipsy hordes. Seeking to explain so remarkable an occurrence by a reference to the Scriptures, they appear to have concluded at once that these mysterious strangers who came among them practising the eastern arts of magic and divination, were descendants of the people whose doom had been pronounced by the prophet Ezekiel. 'I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them among the countries.' From them the Gipsies doubtless learned the stories of pilgrimage afterward repeated with so much success to the Christians of Western Europe.

Seven cities contended for the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. No country has claimed to be the native land of the Gipsies, but of the many conjectures as to their origin, a few of the most curious are worthy of notice. One author has regarded them as the primitive inhabitants of the earth; while another has supposed them to be an ancient nomadic people mentioned by Herodotus. By one theorist the mark of Cain has been found upon the dispersed children of Roma; by another, they have been looked upon as a medley of races. Herbelot imagines that the coast of Zanguebar is their mother country, and a distinguished writer thinks them to be descendants of the Ethiopians and Troglodytes. Thrace, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, and various other parts of Asia, have in turn been assigned to them as a birth-place.

In the middle of the fourteenth century a terrible plague desolated the world. It made its appearance in the remote Orient, and as it swept westward over the trembling and terror-stricken

nations, covered the earth with corpses. The elevated plains of Tartary, the palm-shaded banks of the Nile, the icy regions of the north—no part of the then known earth escaped the terrible visitation. The disease was of such unparalleled violence, that in many cases but a few minutes intervened between health and death. The garments, the touch, the breath of those attacked were sure to propagate the malady; and even the sounds of the voice and the glances of the eye were thought to convey infection.

Remarkable convulsions in the natural world preceded this almost universal calamity. From China to the Atlantic Ocean the earth was agitated by frequent earthquakes. Meteors flamed in the sky, volcanic mountains burned in fiery eruptions, the sea overran its limits, and fertile regions were for the first time visited by clouds of locusts in such vast numbers as to be covered with their dead bodies. Mysterious causes deranged the atmosphere, and endangered animal and vegetable life. Disease first fell upon the brute creation, as when avenging Apollo visited with plague the Greeks assembled before the battlements of Troy.

‘On mules and dogs the infection first began,
And last the vengeful arrows fixed in man.’

Famine succeeded plenty, and in Florence alone ninety thousand portions of food were daily distributed to the poor. In the fearful looking for of calamity the terrified imagination of the people both exaggerated the phenomena of the natural world, and derived evil omens from the world of spirits. Astrology was invoked, and malign influences were thought to descend from the stars. A grand conjunction of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn in the sign of Aquarius excited the fears of the superstitious, and it is declared that a pillar of fire stood for an hour over the Pope’s palace at Avignon.

In China the plague is said to have swept away thirteen million victims. India was almost depopulated. The Kurds fled to the mountains, and to death. Caravans perished upon their lonely routes. At the solitary oases of the deserts, and in the caravansaries were to be seen only the heaps of unburied dead. Upon the Mediterranean, as upon the North Sea and the ocean, ships, whose crews had perished, were driven about by the winds and currents. Cyprus lost half its population, and in the short period of six weeks twenty thousands people died within the gates of Gaza.

The ravages of the plague in many portions of Europe were indescribable. In Vienna, it is asserted, that after the cemeteries had been filled, nearly a quarter of a million corpses were buried in trenches, over which now extends the principal street of that city. Of the inhabitants of England one-fourth perished. The Pope was obliged to bless the Rhone at Avignon, so that the dead might be thrown into it without delay. In Florence it was forbidden under a severe penalty to announce the number of the deceased; and Boccaccio speaks of the palaces depopulated, estates left without inheritors, and of the multitude of victims who ‘after

dning heartily with their friends here, have supped with their departed friends in the other world.' We are reminded of the description by Sophocles, in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, when amid incense, pæans and lamentations, he compares plague-stricken Thebes to a burning ship, tempest-driven upon the ocean :

' For see how terribly the city rocks,
Storm-tossed ; and can no longer raise her head
From the deep billows of the bloody sea ;
Wasting with the green, withering fruits of earth
Blasted before they burst their ripening husks ;
Wasting with browsing flocks that die around,
And with the untimely monsters of the womb ;
And still the fiery god, the deadly pest,
Incumbent, rides us down, whose direful strength
Thins the old house of CADMUS ; and black hell
Grows rich upon our groans and mournful wails.'

All other maladies seemed to terminate in the plague, against whose violence neither flight nor the resources of medicine availed. In so terrible a calamity, all the relations of life were changed. Gold lost its value, beauty its charm, and the fountains of sympathy were dried up. Parents forsook their children, and children fled from their parents. By a strange law of human nature, in the midst of almost universal suffering and death, multitudes of men and women abandoned themselves to orgies worthy of Baccahanalian times.

How the plague of the fourteenth century came to be associated with the Gipsies, we shall presently discover. The Jews, it was observed, suffered less than the Christians. The cry arose that they had sworn to exterminate the Christian race, and for this purpose had poisoned the wells, and the very air. Like wild-fire the announcement ran through the States of Germany. The princes and high dignitaries, living upon money borrowed from the Jews, hastened to join the rabble in a persecution whose record makes humanity shudder. It was determined to annihilate the hated enemies of Christianity. Day and night blazed the funeral-piles ; day and night labored the executioners. At Basle and Freiburg, all the Jews were burned alive, and ' at Mayence, they were roasted in such a fashion, that in Saint Quentin's church-tower, a fine bell and the lead round the windows were melted.'

Unfortunately, in Switzerland a well was actually found poisoned. And now there was no limit to the cruelties inflicted upon the unfortunate children of Israel. Driven from their homes, they were hunted in the forests and swamps, like wild beasts. Many escaped immediate death only to fall into the hands of merciless judges. Even Pope Clement VI did not raise his voice in behalf of the oppressed. No protestation, no plea of innocence, no deception availed ; and all classes and conditions, from tender infancy to feeble age, were given up to this terrible persecution, which is said to have lasted half a century, and whose victims were numbered by myriads. Those of the Jews who escaped, took refuge in the recesses of the forests and the caves of the mountains, until the

name of the despised race was almost forgotten. In their reappearance, the writers of former times professed to have discovered the origin of Gipsies. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the heresies of John Huss lighted the bloody torch of war in Europe, and the Christians were soon persecuting each other as zealously as they had hitherto pursued the descendants of Abraham. An auspicious time had arrived for the latter to leave their places of refuge. But how were they to appear before the world? Not as Jews, for that might induce another persecution. They elected chiefs, it is said, invented a rude jargon which could easily be mistaken for a foreign idiom, and went forth as wanderers over the earth, pretending that their ancestors had lived in Egypt, and that they had been driven from their home for refusing hospitality to the Virgin and her Son. For a livelihood they practised the secret arts of the ancient Egyptians. The house which they were invited to enter in their wanderings would never be burned; certain diseases, especially those produced by witchcraft, could be removed only by their mystic charms, and no eyes like theirs could read from the lines of the hand the secrets of the future.

It is contended, that after all danger of persecution had passed, many of the Jews returned to their former manner of life. Others, having acquired a taste for that nomadic existence which strives for the thoughtless enjoyment of to-day, and forgetfulness of the morrow, continued to practise vagrancy and divination. People of different race, loving the open air, the beautiful stars, and wild adventure, joined with them, until there was such a mingling of nationalities and religions, that, although the origin of the Gipsies was Jewish, their descendants have no idea either of their native land or of religion.

A belief has long prevailed in Eastern Europe, that the Gipsies are one of the lost tribes of the Jews. This must have had its origin in the many points of resemblance between the children of Roma and of Israel. Both are outcasts and strangers, and both, in contempt and persecution, have remained faithful to the instincts and traditions of their forefathers. Although speaking the idioms of those among whom they dwell, both have a distinct language; and while the Jews have preserved their religion with almost fanatical zeal, the Gipsies are thought by many to cherish a secret and mysterious faith of their own. Gipsies also bear a strong resemblance in figure, color, and mental characteristics, to the poorer class of Jews scattered over Europe, still leading a semi-nomadic life, and in filth and wretchedness surpassing all belief.

But there are points of difference between the two races, which prove them to be entirely distinct. The Jews have a history, to which they point with pride, as the most ancient and authentic in the world. Their progenitors were the favorites of Heaven, and the Patriarchs of the human race. The Gipsies know not who they are, or whence they came. 'As poor as a Gipsy,' and 'Rich as a Jew,' are comparisons which have obtained currency in many

countries. The Hebrew tongue is radically distinct from the jargon of the children of Roma. Many of the Jews are well educated, and nearly all of them profess a high regard for learning; while the Gipsies are unlettered, reading only the stars, and the mysterious lines of the hand. The religion of the Jews has caused their separation from the human family, and dispersion among the nations. With the Gipsies, this has been effected by their wretched manner of life, and that evil report which has consigned them to universal contempt and persecution.

In the Scandinavian countries, the Gipsies are known under the name of 'Tartars;' and the origin of the race has frequently been ascribed to that immense region south of Siberia, and between the Chinese Wall and the Caspian Sea, properly called 'the hive of nations.' There lived the ancestors of Attila, there was the home of the Huns, the Avars, and the Magyars. The convulsions of its barbarous hordes repeatedly shook the distant thrones of Asia, and when, from time to time, the volcano burst forth, the consuming waves of migration flowed over the continent of Europe:

'Off o'er the trembling nations from afar,
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war.'

There are, indeed, many points of resemblance between the Gipsies and the pastoral tribes of Tartary. Both alike cherish the customs of their forefathers, exhibit equal endurance in fatigue and hunger, and feed indifferently upon the flesh of animals that have been slain, or died of disease. Both are fond of horses, and where they encamp in their migrations, there is their home, their country. The Tartars, like the Gipsies, are too indolent to cultivate the earth, and too adventurous and roving in disposition to lead a stationary life.

When, in the thirteenth century, in full assembly on the plains of Tartary, the successful leader of a number of hordes was named Khan of Khans, or Zenghis Khan, it was not difficult for him to make the Tartar and Mogul hordes subservient to his ambitious designs. The crowns of Northern Asia were baubles in the estimation of the chief, who, on the same day, could feast upon roasted sheep and mare's milk, and distribute five hundred wagon-loads of gold and silver, as booty to soldiers. In a short period of conquest, that cost the world more than five million lives, Zenghis Khan extended his empire from Peking to the banks of the Volga, and inflicted desolation which the labors of more than five centuries have not sufficed to repair.

Zundel, the name of a Gipsy chief, bears some resemblance to Zenghis; and those who give the Gipsies a Tartar origin, would have us believe that they are a branch of that numerous horde, which, under a successor of the Khan of Khans, pillaged Aleppo and Damascus, burned Moscow, and penetrated almost to the Baltic and the foot of the Alps. But the Gipsies are not Tartars. They are neither bold warriors, nor worshippers of the Grand Lama. They do not feed upon horse-flesh, while their language

and most of their customs differ widely from those of the Tartar shepherds.

For more than three centuries, the Gipsies had pitched their smoky tents in Europe; their number had there increased to over a million souls, and nearly every part of the civilized world had become familiar with the children of Roma; but the tawny race was still an unexplained mystery. The various names by which the Gipsies were known, their color, and manner of life, suggested an Eastern origin; but who they were, or whence they had come, no one had been able to determine.

Accident, however, effected what the most ingenious theories had failed to accomplish. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Stephen Voli, a Hungarian of the Reformed Church, was pursuing his studies at Leyden, where he happened to become acquainted with several young Malabarians, a number of whom are kept constantly at the university of that city. Having observed that their native language bore a striking affinity to that spoken by the Gipsies, he noted down more than a thousand words with their proper significations. Upon his return home, he was delighted to find the Hungarian Gipsies able to explain these words without trouble or hesitation. The dialect of the Malabarians is kindred to the Hindostanee, the spoken tongue of India. The Sanscrit, claimed by the Hindoos to be the language of the gods, and stamped on the ancient coins of many Oriental kingdoms, is the sacred language of the Brahmins, and bears the same relation to the Hindostanee as Latin to the modern Italian. Upon investigation, it was discovered that the Hindostanee and the native language of the Gipsies differed in no essential particular. In construction and form, they are evidently the same. Both make the inflections by the article, and in both, every substantive ending in *j* is feminine, all the rest being masculine. Who would expect to find the untutored children of Roma speaking an idiom derived directly from the venerable language of the Vedas and Shasters, a language 'more perfect in construction than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either'? This fact alone determines the origin of the Gipsies; for, as Dr. Johnson remarks: 'The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations and the genealogy of mankind; they add often physical certainty to historical evidence of ancient migrations, and of the revolutions of ages which left no written monuments behind them.'

Other proofs are not wanting of the Indian origin of the Gipsies. On the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, wander bands of dark-eyed nomads, under the name of Bazeegurs and Nata, differing from the children of Roma scattered elsewhere over the world, only in the circumstance that they do not regard themselves, and are not regarded by others, as strangers in the land. Like them, in poverty and in joy, they sing and dance beneath the soft skies of India, and tell fortunes under her beautiful stars. They

have the same employments, lead the same manner of life, and are equally indifferent as to food, dress, and religion.

The following introductory stanza to a war-song of Raja Sai Sing, of Canauj, alludes to the dances of these people at an entertainment in the king's palace :

‘WHEN the female Gipsies danced in the hall,
Exhibiting sly glances;
The young musicians struck up,
The ankle-bells jingled,
The guitars sounded,
And violins, accompanied
By the tuneful tabor:
Then the thirty-six rāgs resounded through the palace,
Which, spread over with velvet carpets,
Adorned with marble pillars,
Was filled with noble chiefs.’

When, and for what reason, did the Gipsies emigrate from India? Firdausi, in his *Shāh-Nāmah* gives an account of the introduction of the *Luri*, a people doubtless identical with the Gipsies, into Iran, from India, fourteen hundred years ago, in consequence of a request to Shankal, the Raja of that country.

‘The king addressed letters to the priests of each province, inquiring who was distressed, and where the poor were afflicted; demanding of them every information relative to the state of his empire, that the same might be communicated to the royal heart. Each mobed, noble, and sage replied that the country was populous, and on every side thanksgivings were heard: the indigent alone complaining to his majesty of the hardness of the times; that the opulent drank wine, and ornamented their heads with chaplets of flowers, quaffing liquor to the sound of music, without reflecting on their poorer fellow-creatures. The king smiled at the complaint, and to remedy the privation complained of, dispatched an envoy with the following message to Shankal, king of Canauj: ‘O prince! attentive to justice, the indigent classes here drink wine without music, a circumstance of which the wealthier cannot approve. Therefore, of the Luri (of India) choose for, and send to me ten thousand, male and female, who play upon the lute.’

‘The Luri were accordingly sent to the Persian king, who assigned them an appropriate residence, and gave to each individual a cow and a donkey: he desired them to nominate a village chief, and bestowed also a thousand loads of wheat on such as were most deserving, to the end that, laboring with their kine and donkeys, they might reap in due season the seed of their wheat, and thus enable his poorer subjects to have their music gratuitously performed.

‘The Luri departed, and heedlessly consuming all their wheat, as well as their cows, toward the end of the year were left shamefully destitute. The king rebuked them for their lavish conduct in wasting the corn, and neglecting to harvest any crop; and then dismissed them with an order, that, taking their donkeys, they should load them with their chattels, and support themselves by means of their songs and the strumming of their silken bows;

and that each year they should travel over the country, and sing for the amusement of the high and the low.

'The Luri, agreeably to this mandate, now wander about the world, seeking employment, associating with dogs and wolves, and thieving on the road by day and by night.'

History gives no account of the emigration of the Gipsies from India, at the time of their appearance in Europe. It is only recently that her Muse, the lover of kings, and courts, and armies, has deigned to regard the dwellers in huts and tents. A few bold and high-born individuals have filled her pages, while the pulsations of the great heart of humanity, the hopes, and joys, and sorrows of the mass of mankind, have been unheeded. The children of Roma have had no historian. An occasional poet, loving the natural and the truthful, in however humble a guise, has sung the charms of Gipsy life; and a few romancers, in the footsteps of the old minstrels, have chosen for their theme the adventures and vicissitudes of an existence in strongest contrast with that of civilized men.

That a great Exodus of the Gipsies from India took place at the close of the fourteenth century, is most probable, from the events then occurring in Asia. The overshadowing empire of Zenghis Khan had fallen to pieces at his death; but the genius and ambition of the Khan of Khans descended to a humble individual in a remote line of succession, as rivers sometimes flow beneath the earth's surface to reappear in augmented torrents. There are but few Zenghis Khans and Napoleons in all history; and as Macedon alone could have produced an Alexander, and Rome a Cæsar, where but in Tartary should the world look for a Tamerlane?

As the clouds often assume the form of the hills and mountains over which they float, so the characters of great-minded and lofty-thoughted men are moulded by the accidents of Nature, and of the times in which they live. The philosophical historian will not find it difficult to trace a certain analogy between the characteristics of Tamerlane and the natural features of Tartary, a vast region of deserts, and of plains covered with ice, or the lava of extinct volcanoes, whose almost impenetrable forests are traversed by the pale rivers of the North, and whose valleys are the flattened summits of lofty mountains.

It was a fit maxim of the shepherd who became a ruler over more men than any other conqueror gathered under his sceptre, that 'He who wishes to embrace the bride of royalty, must kiss her across the edge of a sharp sword.' The history of Tamerlane furnishes more remarkable contrasts than that of any other person who ever lived. Lame of a hand and foot, he served as a common warrior from the age of twelve to twenty-five years, and at thirty-four ascended the throne of Zagatal. During the war of the Getae, before his accession to power, his adherents were reduced by death and flight to seven individuals; sixty-two days he passed in a loathsome dungeon, and for a time lived the life of a common vagrant.

Openly predicting that his dominion should comprise the habitable earth, Tamerlane extended his empire from the Great Wall of China to the centre of Russia; and assuming the title of the 'Lord of the Age and Conqueror of the World,' united in himself the sovereignties of twenty-seven countries, and represented nine several dynasties of kings. Though unable to read or write, he could repeat from memory the choicest pages of the Oriental poets, and it was his custom to speak with the trembling ambassadors of foreign powers in their native languages. The wealth of nations and the resources of genius were exhausted in adorning his capital, Samarkand—a lonely city in the wilds of Tartary—and the royal palace exhibited the strangest union of shepherd simplicity with Oriental magnificence. As a Mussulman, Tamerlane believed it his mission to exterminate idolatry, to build a mosque in every city, and establish true faith wherever he carried the sword.

India was then in a state of anarchy, and after many other conquests in Asia, Tamerlane proposed to invade that country. Some of the Emirs declared that such a campaign would entirely enervate the Tartar soldiers, while others spoke in feigned or real terror of the 'rivers! and the mountains! and deserts! and the soldiers clad in armor! and the elephants, destroyers of men!'

The invasion of India by Tamerlane in the year 1399, is one of the most remarkable campaigns in all history. While the Tartar hordes were crossing one of the chains of lofty mountains between the Jihoon and the Indus, called 'The Stony Girdles of the Earth,' the emperor was five times lowered down perpendicular precipices by means of scaffolds and ropes, one hundred and fifty cubits in length. He traversed the Punjaub in the footsteps of Alexander. From the place where Tamerlane crossed the Indus to Delhi, is six hundred miles; but the capital of Hindostan soon opened its gates to the conqueror, and the princes of India humbled themselves, though not without a struggle, at his feet. A desert, which had dismayed Alexander, could not check 'the Destroyer of Nations,' and a number of great victories gained on the banks of the Ganges completed the conquest of an empire.

Of the bloody circumstances attending this invasion, we are not minutely informed by history. But they were doubtless of such a kind as to expel from their native plains the tawny hordes which, only eighteen years afterward, appeared in Europe. Even the entire extermination of the heathen race of Roma would have been consistent with the cruel nature of Tamerlane, whose rule of conduct it was, never to regret and never to repent. 'You behold me,' he exclaimed to the prostrate inhabitants of Damascus, 'a poor, lame, decrepid mortal. I am not a man of blood, and God knows that in all my wars I have never been the aggressor.' Yet in his thirty-five campaigns, millions of men were sacrificed to his ambition. Terror was the chief instrument of his power, and the fear-stricken nations trembled at his acts of gigantic cruelty. It was his custom to erect within the walls of conquered cities vast pyramids of human heads; and these monuments of hideous grandeur were

multiplied throughout the Orient. In Georgia, seven hundred towns and villages were destroyed for a trifling fault imputed to the sovereign of that country. Two pyramids, each of one hundred thousand skulls, on the road to Delhi, and one of ninety thousand upon the ruins of Bagdad, gratified his inhuman cruelty. The cities of Asia Minor were sacked, and the inhabitants of Symrna delivered up to a general massacre. A few of his Moguls were struck down in the streets of Ispahan, and forthwith the heads of seventy thousand victims were piled up in the principal square of the city. It was a declaration of Tamerlane, that he would purify his soldiers in the blood of the idolaters of India; and there is no doubt that his conquest of the country and the attendant atrocities, caused a vast emigration of the Gipsies from their native plains.

THE LESSON OF MEMORY.

THERE'S a mound among the mountains, where Missisquoi's water flows,
Perfumed and guarded daily by the willow and the rose;
And nestling in its close embrace, there sleeps the form of one
Whom envious angels stole away when life was scarce begun.
There's a city on the prairie, and amid its ceaseless din,
To daily toil a tired youth is passing out and in;
But his heart is with the sun-rise, where its earliest morning wave
Rests, with a golden glory, upon his darling's grave.

So with us all. The longing soul will leave the plodding feet
That gather dust and weariness on life's track-hardened street,
To tread the grassy grave-yard of the joys that TEMPUS slays,
And wander 'mid the monuments of its departed days.
The buds that partly glisten in to-morrow's doubtful light,
May wither, and be fragrantless, before the fall of night;
But the blessedness of yesterday is with us still to-day,
Locked with the treasure of the heart, and cannot fade away.

Then guard with sacred jealousy the few perennial flowers,
That graced the garden of the soul, in life's untainted hours:
And when the book of memory is opened to thy gaze,
That thou mayst read the history of half-forgotten days,
Pardon the briny rivulet that drops along the cheek:
The flesh obeys the spirit, and the record makes it weak.

As the bosom of the lake reflects the glory of the day,
When to the west the setting sun creeps stealthily away,
So all the brighter lights along the path of life were given,
As mirrors of our FATHER'S love, to show the blaze of Heaven.
Lo! where the gleam of former years shoots down the path ahead,
And lights with glorious radiance the forest of the dead!
Follow the golden thread of fire, that when at last you stand
Mid-way between the giant worlds that rise on either hand;
When in the darksome valley, you may lean upon the rod
And staff of our great COMFORTER, and gently go to God.

Burlington, Iowa.

Z e l d a .

A T A L E O F T H E M A S S A C H U S E T T S C O L O N Y .

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE wharf at which our emigrant-ship lay, presented a busy scene the morning after her arrival. There was none of the clamor that attends a similar spectacle at the present era, for the newcomers were English people, educated chiefly in the Puritan school, where quietude and gravity were head teachers. But heaped in endless confusion on deck, were boxes, barrels, and bales, chests, children, and chattels of every imaginable sort, with a due intermixture of women and servants; cattle were lowing in delight to snuff the land-breeze once more; men were engaged in anxious consultation with the magistrates who had come down to aid in allotting homes to their new allies; and there were tender meetings between friends whom the ocean had separated for long years: and there were shouting boys, and noisy fowls, and merry seamen.

As Zelda gazed on this moving multitude, apparently linked each to each by some common bond of sympathy, her spirit was overcome by a deep emotion of loneliness. America had been a fairy-land for her, whose enchanted ground could she but tread, she would find the friendship for which she was athirst. Perhaps, in the vividness of her imagination, she even expected some kind genius would welcome her to these shores, and cause her to realize her brightest dreams.

Through all the weeks of the prolonged passage, her poetic nature had been in the ascendant; she could have chanted verses to the moon and the stars and the bounding waters; could have rhapsodized in behalf of air and ocean; but what might be the end of her journey, what station in the new colony she was adapted to fill, it had not occurred to her to ask. I fear she was not practical.

She had consorted little with her fellow-travellers, nor had she responded with much warmth to the advances made by Dorcas, our friend of the Conventicle. True, there might not have been great congeniality in their tastes, though both were enthusiasts; for Zelda's ardor was more spiritual, shrinking from display, and kneeling in rapt devotion before the beautiful things of creation. But to the young Quakeress she was the impersonation of grace and romance, the fulfilment of her ideal, loved without a demand for return of affection.

This work-a-day *début* into the plain Massachusetts colony, dispersed the illusions of the past; amid the rattling of cordage, upheaving of household goods, trampling of feet, issuing of orders that savored of any place but fairydom, sounds and sights such as

never entered the realms of fancy, Zelda perceived that she had come to a world of laborers. And all suddenly became prosaic, and with a violent revulsion of feeling, she sat down in a listless despair, wondering what evil spirit had led her thither.

There is an Oriental proverb to the intent, that we should hold the skirts of our mantles extended while it is raining gold, in order to have sufficiency when the precious shower ceases. Like many visionary souls, Zelda failed not to receive all the warmth and glory of life's poetic hours; but she dropped the corners of her mantle and lost the garnered treasure when the clouds of everyday vexations scudded across her rosy heavens. She was fully capable of great deeds, and had suitable occasion offered, would have proved herself a heroine; if time presented a large draft upon her courage or generosity, she could pay the bill at sight; but she had no small change at command.

The sun mounted to the zenith, stood for a moment on his high throne, then passed westward, yet Zelda remained in a hopeless trance.

Dorcas's activity had found occupation in restraining the exuberant spirits of her young brothers and sisters. She had cast many a bitter glance on herself, the deserted bride, and a sarcastic eye on the rugged shore to which Fate had brought her. She knew her faithless suitor was there, and though no love for him lurked in her heart, a deep scar remained, never to be healed on earth, through which the red-hot fires were ever darting an abiding pain in her breast.

Her face was somewhat changed. She was no less brilliant than when she listened to her mother's eloquence among the crags of Dorsetshire; but a scornful curve deformed her lips; a light that was more darkness than light, gleamed in her eyes; and she held her proud head as if she defied the world: only when looking on Zelda, her countenance softened, and the old expression came back.

As the day waned, a home was provided, just on the border of the city, for Mistress Hutchinson, whither, with characteristic energy, she resolved at once to remove; and when they were about departing, Dorcas turned to Zelda, whom she had no intention of leaving behind.

'Zelda, they have found us an abode. Art thou ready? See! my mother hastens us!'

The lonely one slowly raised her eyes to the speaker's face; the warm color returned to her cheeks, and she sprang lightly up, but afterward hesitated, saying sadly: 'I may not be welcome in your home.'

Dorcas made no other reply than to place an arm around her, and draw her silently onward; so they left the ship together to try their destiny in the new habitation.

At the front door of the house where they were speedily domiciled, was a deep porch, and there on that first evening, the maidens seated themselves, listening to the whisperings of the

wind among pine leaves, breathing the perfumed air, and watching Twilight while she helped Night array herself in her heavy robes of state.

Dorcas drew a corner of her companion's mantle over her own neck, and Zelda laid a hand on the sober-colored Quaker dress.

Near the horizon was a range of clouds through whose vapory fabric the heat-lightnings ran incessantly, soft and playful as even the lightnings are sometimes. Below was a forest stretching far away, and to the right lay the ocean with its hedging 'circle of mist.' For a time neither spoke, and the occasional call of some bird in the woodland, was the only sound of animal life.

'Supposest thou,' asked Dorcas, and her tone seemed strangely stern, 'supposest thou its mate answers to the cry of yonder bird?'

'There is no need,' said Zelda, 'for the utterance of the one would also be that of the other, since the same thought must possess the souls of the loving; and therefore when one has spoken, nothing remains for its mate to reveal.'

A smile passed over Dorcas's face. 'Where hast thou spent thy life to discourse such words, earnestly as if thou didst believe them true?'

'I have lived in my own heart,' replied Zelda.

'Yea, doubtless,' pursued the Quakeress, 'for hadst thou mingled with the world, thou wouldst have learned a different lesson. Let us draw back into the shadow; people are coming hither.'

As they retired, some of the town's folk came slowly toward the door, and passed into the room where the prophetess was meditating on the great work she had crossed the sea to perform. Perhaps, among all the hopes lying wrecked on the American shores, is none whose advent was with more dauntless courage, more fervid zeal, or firmer faith than that conveyed by the ill-fated Mrs. Hutchinson. Persecuted in her own country, she heard of a land which had for its watch-word, 'Liberty;' disgusted by modes of tyranny, strengthened from generation to generation, until they had become firm as rocky ribs of the Alps, she read of laws more lenient, of customs yet unformed, of a nation still in plastic infancy, on which skilful hands might make lasting impressions. She would hasten to this empire of freedom where the human mind might yet be emancipated from its thralldom. She would labor for the exaltation of her own sex, would demonstrate that to 'chronicle small beer' was *not* the whole duty of woman; in short, she had a mission to perform.

Without doubt she was possessed of brilliant genius, but misnaming it inspiration, delivered herself wholly to its guidance; and genius is only an *ignis fatuus*.

On this very night, instead of gossiping about the affairs of the dear old country, her voyage and fellow-travellers, with the kind-hearted neighbors who came to welcome her, she launched at once into abstruse subjects of revelation, law and gospel. Had her tone been soft and persuasive, she might then have won the gentle Ice-lander for a convert; but her loud voice and controversial speech

fell so discordantly on Zelda's spirit, that she was fain to hasten from its sound, and laying her head caressingly on Dorcas's breast for one instant, she then flew forth with a speed that made pursuit a useless task.

But though Zelda failed to appreciate the inspiration of her hostess, there were those present whose hearts so glowed at her words that they returned again and again, to hearken delighted to her instructions. The women of the colony thronged to her house, while in vain ministers forbade, or magistrates threatened. She obtained, in no very long period of time, so great ascendancy over the minds of her hearers, that not content to ask humbly of their husbands what they should believe, they discussed weighty matters of conscience with an independence as exciting as it was novel.

The lords of creation at length became alarmed for their rights, and took up weapons of defence; but her single arm defied them all, and well nigh bore away the victory. Not a learned doctor was found who could follow the tangled skein of theological controversy with so clear an eye, or who had so quick a sense to discern betwixt reality and its semblance; while instead of sealing truth in technicalities, like a butterfly in a chrysalis, she gave it the use of its wings, permitting it to soar in its loveliness before the common people.

Shunning the increasing crowds and daily lectures, Zelda turned to Nature's charms. She penetrated the woods fearless as their native rangers, scaled the heights with light steps, and tracing rivers far back from the ocean, bared her feet to their waves. In primeval forests, where only the squirrel or fox might hear, she sang songs of Iceland; and there, too, unchidden, she entered wigwams of the Indian, sitting, as by right, beside his fire.

Sometimes she tarried at the river-side, or margin of the brook, and leaning her sibylline head on her arm, murmured, in poetic measure, words from the vocabulary of her native island; then tears would darken her lashes, and the color deepen in her cheeks, till at length she would pour forth the excitement of her soul to the wandering winds.

Occasionally Dorcas shared her rambles, but Zelda's course was erratic—now to the right, then to the left; now climbing the steepest crags in chase of hare-bells, nodding to her from their tops; again fording the streams, or plunging into gorges after Dorcas knew not what.

It therefore came to pass that she most frequently went forth without a companion, straying whither her fancy prompted. Yet she was less alone than she supposed; for one youth in the town, of step fleet as her own, and tastes equally at variance with colonial customs, followed her devious path with zeal worthy a more scientific occasion.

Indeed, from the moment of her moon-light arrival in the harbor, Mark Phillips' heart had beaten very irregularly, his dreams were disturbed, and his discourse was often quite incoherent. Nannie perceived also, that his sense of taste was failing, and that

he could not distinguish between fish, flesh, and fowl. Many a head-ache did she inflict upon herself by preparing dainty dishes to tempt his appetite, which niceties perhaps, after all her trouble, he would not be prevailed upon to try; for he was so etherealized that even those preparations which in the eating melt away to a mere delicious flavor, seemed very solid food in comparison with the smiles, and sighs, and gushing songs, he banqueted on of late.

It would sometimes occur to the good minister that Mark had conceived a sudden passion for hunting; and once or twice he had wondered why his son should uniformly return empty-handed, when game was certainly plenty in the woods. But withdrawing to his study, he would enter the groves of biblical learning, and while charmed by the sacred birds that warbled there in strains 'almost divine,' he would cease to remember the affairs of common life, and leave 'the lad' to his own guidance.

And it came to pass that Mark gained almost as intimate acquaintance with Zelda's thoughts as she herself possessed, for sitting beside the running waters, she would discourse to them of every thing that filled her heart, never dreaming her confidence could be betrayed; she told the river the strange stories of her birth; she whispered of her mermaid mother, of the loneliness of her life, of the mournful presentiments over-hanging her young spirit.

It always seemed to him that she was accompanied wherever she moved by a touching melody, in the half-heard tone of which joy and sorrow were commingled; and this music coming up the water's course, swept onward beneath the forest, filling all the place with its sound. Of course this could never have been, but because in the presence of a loved one the senses are more delicately attuned, he now first rightly received the harmony forever surging wave after wave, through the great universe.

At first it was a curious study to sit unseen beside another heart, counting its pulsations and watching its hidden springs. But Mark had come too near, quite within the shadow; for soon her presentiments of sorrow and darkness were present to his waking and sleeping hours. He remembered how Wendall had said she was marked out for some sad fate, and he tormented himself with every variety of misery recorded from days of Eden downward, even beginning to speculate whether she might not partake the blood of a race different from mankind, and through her mixed nature be subject to unheard-of ills. Were she wholly of ocean lineage, she could not have been more unlike the colonial women in her style of thought or action. No storm detained her from the open country; she flew forth in the midst of showers, as if she had, indeed, some affinity with the falling drops, watching the swift lightnings, or listening to the crashing thunder with keen delight.

The old question constantly recurred, 'Who could she be?' While ever his soul bowed more lowly in her presence, and desired more eagerly to shield her from impending harm.

Had Zelda been like the maidens around her, she must have

divined why her path was so often crossed by the young hunter; why, if the stream ran too deep, a strong arm was sure to place her in safety; if the blossoms grew too high, a well-known hand brought them within reach; or why, if she was at a loss to find the homeward way from the thicket, a friendly voice never failed to guide her. But her nature was too deeply engrossed by the scenes around, and too much occupied with bright fancies for thought of herself, or curiosity regarding the motives of her comrade, to find place.

And thus, while week succeeded to week, their friendship grew apace by the mossy banks of the Mystic, or on the heights of neighboring hills; till Mark inwardly vowed to win the heart of Zelda, even though mystery and sorrow might enwrap her existence, believing her affection should be a double recompense for any evil time could inflict.

In these solitary rambles, known only to themselves, they talked of life as it was, and as they in the exuberance of their imaginations would fain have made it; of follies and foibles of humanity; of friendship; and, as they knew each other better, of aspirations never breathed before; they even discoursed of loftier themes, of duty and immortality. Zelda would relate tales of Iceland, and Mark, in return, read the rapt pages of Homer to one noble as Andromache, and heroic as Hector.

Mind is much like the flint-stone — alone, it lies cold and dormant, but brought in contact with its fellows, it forthwith sends out a thousand sparks of wit and wisdom. Thus did it prove with those of whom we tell, roving hour by hour through the green-wood, delighted at the new brilliancy of their ideas, enchanted with their congeniality of temper.

There was no need they should speak in words the love which was becoming a part of their existence; for, sitting silent on the hill-tops, heart had answered to heart, gaze had responded to gaze, till there remained no secret for speech to impart; and when he would have given utterance to his thoughts, she laid her hand on his lips, saying: 'Nay, Mark, not now; let us *dream* a little longer, for thou knowest reality is ever bitter.'

'Zelda,' he began one day, 'Zelda, we have never talked of love.'

She answered, 'I would rather thou didst read to me from thy *Iliad*; thou hast it by thee?'

'Not so, I will speak of love. Thou canst not prevail against my *will*, Zelda.'

The color mounted warm to her brow. 'If that must indeed be the theme, I will make for thee an *impromptu*.'

'I will hearken to thee, gladly, Zelda.'

Once on a time, then, Friendship, Memory, and Hope wandered, hand in hand, along a garden path. Friendship walked between the others, and her hair floated now upon the white shoulders of Hope, now upon the drooping head of Memory; for Memory was telling of beautiful ones she had seen to fade

from that garden in other days; therefore was her head bent in sadness.

‘And in the dark eyes of Friendship came holy drops of sympathy. But Hope shook a flood of bright ringlets from her face, and fluttering a pair of wings that sprung from the dimpled shoulders I told you of, spake on this wise: ‘Memory, thou dost ever discourse of things charming to hear; nevertheless, thy talk hath the sadness of moon-set. Tell not of the lovely dead, but rather let us create one more fair than hath ever graced the earth,’ and her eyes danced gleefully.

‘Ah! let us make a peerless one,’ answered Friendship, ‘then shall Memory forget the past.’

‘But Memory sighed forth: ‘The lovely things are departed; there remaineth none of which we may make a creature all perfect.’

‘Then Hope reached out her little hand, and lo! on its surface lay a tear, fallen from the cheek of Friendship, and she said in triumph: ‘We will make of this crystal drop our child of beauty!’

‘So they all gave laughing consent, and touched the sparkling tear with their wands, and pronounced magic words which no mortal, I ween, might repeat, till the drop grew, and changed, and stood before them a child in form, so faultless that even Memory had never seen its rival.

‘Hope had bestowed its golden locks and its rosy lips; Friendship had granted its winning smile, and its soft eyes, and its pliant form; but Memory had little part in the fair child. ‘Hast thou no gift?’ asked Hope.

‘Then Memory bent over the boy and kissed his brow, and a blush, swift and warm, tinged his cheeks with the hue of a damask rose.

‘So Hope and Friendship shouted in joy: ‘Thou hast crowned our work with perfection! He will take captive every heart, and we will call our child of beauty, Love.’

‘Just then Apollo passed through the sky with his horses of light, and beholding the new-made boy, drew an arrow of flame from his quiver. ‘Behold I complete your labor,’ said he, ‘receive, O Love! a heart of fire.’

‘And as the God of Day passed on, warm and wild beat the heart of Love.’

‘Thy legend, dear Zelda, is truth, for Love indeed unites the joy, the tenderness, the beauty, of Hope, Memory, and Friendship, and has beside a warmth more ardent than Apollo’s beams — cherishest thou such for me?’

There have been minds of wonderfully delicate structure, before whose gaze the avenue of Time would sometimes open, partially revealing in the perspective, events to come. It is a grant little to be envied, and dispensed with a more chary hand than even the gift of poesy; and those to whom it is decreed, know not at what electric touch the latent power will awake.

Such a mind was Zelda's. And now raising her finger, that Mark might keep silent, she seemed to be scanning something beyond his ken, while tears fell upon her pale face.

'Mark,' she finally said, in a voice scarcely audible, 'the vision is fled; never, never, may such another rise before me! Thou and I indeed loved, and were one; but the bridal was sorrow, and its feast was death. I know not whether *thou* or *I* shall be the victim; but, O Mark! it was fearful!'

'Yet wilt thou accept this doom of sorrow to share with me? It is much to ask; only of *thee*, Zelda, could I demand it.'

She mournfully unbound her long tresses, permitting them to float around her, while she answered: 'Time has no agony I would refuse at thy hand; no pain I would shrink from enduring with thee, else I did not love thee. But they have said my mother was a daughter of the ocean; and by these gold-green masses, I fear they have rightly affirmed. I will not link thy life with a fate so sad — darkness behind, and death before. Do thou depart.'

'Zelda, thou hast revealed nothing unknown to me, and thinkest thou I would leave *thee* to danger *I* feared to encounter, or shrink from thy side because death awaited us? Though the past and future be joyless, let us brim the present with happiness.'

'Art thou certain, dear Mark, my love will outweigh the miseries thou mayest endure? I saw but the journey's end, and that dimly through my tears, yet did it seem just at hand, for we were unchanged.'

'Believest thou me less strong to endure than thyself? I will *never* leave thee; even thus I claim thee for mine own.' He clasped her to his breast, nor did she seek release, and looking up at last, she smiled through her tears:

'Now for the knowledge of thy love, I will gladly suffer all things; far dearer is this than to bask idly in the sun-shine of prosperity. I would not exchange my lot, save for thy dear sake; nor even for thee, because thou, also, canst nobly strive with fate.'

Slowly at evening they took their homeward way, clinging to each other with a true faith, a courageous love, which made them more to be envied than many another pledging life-long indifference within stately mansions.

Ah! only they who hold the cup of sorrow firmly to their lips, can learn how sweet is mingled with bitter; how the 'wine of life' sends up through black depths its most intoxicating draughts; how the highest joys a heart can know play like the lightning over the storm-cloud alone.

ON A PORTRAIT.

How like is this picture! — you'd think that it breathes:

What life, what expression, what spirit!

It wants but a tongue! 'Alas!' said the spouse,

'That want is its principal merit.'

T H E D E S E R T E D S H I P .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DRIFTING slow — not a sail:
Drifting slow — not a light,
Glides a ship 'neath the silent sky.
'Ship ahoy!' rings the hail,
'Ship ahoy!' through the night,
Comes no voice as she wanders by.

'Ship ahoy — whither bound?'
But the waves far and near
Flow on not more voiceless than she.
Yet again — still no sound
From her decks greets the ear:
Deserted, she drifts o'er the sea.

Drifting slow — all alone,
O'er the wide ocean plain,
Through the mid-summer night's still noon,
And her masts, dimly shown,
With the swell of the main,
Sadly swing 'neath the mid-night moon.

Where are those, glad and gay
As the winds, who but now,
Full of hope, on their voyage sailed out;
When the waves all the day
Gently kissed thy proud bow,
And the summer winds wantoned about?

Do they sleep, cold and pale,
In the never-still sea,
'Mid coral groves down 'neath the waves;
Doth the voice of the gale,
As it sweeps wild and free,
Chant a dirge o'er their unmarked graves?

They are gone, all, all gone:
How, or where, who can tell?
She's floating all lifeless and dark,
And no bright, purple dawn
Can the gloom e'er dispel
That shrouds yonder lone, voiceless bark.

Evermore — all alone,
Till the waves claim their prey,
She shall drift through the night, morn, and noon,
While her masts, tall and lone,
Still shall swing, night and day,
Sad as now 'neath the mid-night moon.

Saint Paul, March, 1859.

P L A T O N I C A F F E C T I O N :

A FEW LEAVES FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY THE PROFESSOR.

It is Sunday : the rain is drearily weeping down from the cold gray clouds, and plashing dully on the pavement. My wife has gone to church, for she is one of those any-weather Christians, which can seldom be found now-a-days, and are only to be seen in their original purity in some good old New-England village, whose habits have not yet followed our worldly city example. The children are taking their afternoon nap, and I have availed myself of the quietness of the hour, to look up old letters, read and ponder on the sad and sweet memories they bring back to me, and pore over musty journals. There is something so melancholy in these sad relics of our younger days, that we hesitate to bring them forth in bright, cheerful seasons, but wait until some such gloomy foggy day as this, to add with strange perversity to our already weather-tortured hearts, an overflow of sadness. In an old diary, (one of those self-torturing day-books, whose accounts never get posted,) I find under date November tenth, 184-, some ten years back, the following entry :

‘There are periods in life, gloomy and disheartening, when all our hopes, all our aspirations, all our desires for greatness and virtue, are cast back in our faces by some sad record of past evil. I have just seen Annie ; but, O God ! how have I seen her ? Passing through Leonard-street at dusk yesterday, my attention was attracted by a female figure dressed in black ; she stood under cover of an awning, and leaning against the wall, was apparently trying to shelter herself from the dismal, cold rain, that poured down in torrents, and plashed drearily at her feet. A presentiment of something nearly touching my own life, forced me to pause and note her movements. I stopped in a door-way opposite, and was musing on the sad life of this poor girl, her past happiness perhaps, her lost position, and her present miserable condition, when suddenly she sprang forward, and with a slight scream, sought to make her way toward the river, utterly regardless, as it seemed, of the still beating rain, that cut my face as I rapidly followed her. On, on she rushed down to the crossing, over to the other side, through the mud ; on, on again, down the next street, with a fierce rapidity that terrified me. She reached the pier, and I also close behind her, for I could not rid myself of the powerful impulse that seemed to urge me forward in spite of myself, and against which it was vain to struggle. Down the pier she hastened, and at length paused near the edge. I sheltered myself behind some cotton-bales, within a few feet of her ; near enough to save her, if, as I

expected, she meditated self-destruction; but quite hidden from her sight. It was a dreary, wild scene: the rain still flooded cheerlessly down. Over-head, dull, heavy masses of jet-black clouds flitted uneasily along, like evil spirits chased by their own consciences. Close by my side, the cold waters surged against the pier; heavy ships, black and shapeless, heaved their weird forms in ghastly measure upon the sight; while out on the river, an occasional lamp, attached to some vessel anchored near by, glimmered fitfully through the damp mist, increasing the gloominess of the spectacle. For a moment, she looked out upon the waters; then, throwing herself upon the cold wet ground, she wept and moaned in a paroxysm of utter misery. I could bear it no longer; stepping quickly to her side, I took her gently by the arm, and spoke to her. She raised her head, and by the light of a lamp that gleamed from a post at the end of the pier, I saw her face quite plainly.

‘It was Annie.

‘She did not know me, thank God! I spoke gently to her, and begged her to go with me. She looked in my face a moment, and then casting a glance over the edge, she rose, and said simply: ‘I will go with you.’ I walked on a few paces, when she said, ‘I have dropped my shawl,’ (which was true,) and left me to get it; I waited a moment, when suddenly a wild scream rang upon the air, and a splash in the water told the tale. I called loudly for help, and sprang to the side of the pier. A small boat was fortunately there moored to a vessel, and followed by several of the river-police, and others whom my cries had summoned, I leaped into it, and pushed off into the darkness. One of the men had brought with him a dark-lantern, and with it we searched long but fruitlessly; a word had sufficed to tell my story; for alas! it was no new one, and now we moved silently on. At length, after what seemed to me an age of torture, the lantern revealed to us a black mass floating by; we grasped it as it passed, and lifted it tenderly into the boat. It was indeed Annie, quite dead. The wet clothes clung to her limbs; her soft brown hair, matted and disheveled, shaded her poor white face. Yet her features looked as beautiful as when I first knew her. The long years that had made such sad havoc with her heart, had kindly spared her face, that her friend might know her, and lay her where her tired head could find the rest it had so long, so wearily sought. I made all arrangements for her burial, after the inquest, for there was little to do: no friends to summon, only to lay her body in the cold earth, and drop a sad tear for her memory, that was all.

‘From inquiries which I instituted among the few who were her late companions — for they told me she sought no friendship — I was enabled, with the aid of some papers she had upon her person, to trace her history from the time I had lost sight of her. God rest her tired heart, and forgive me for the share I so unwittingly had in her sorrowful life, and miserable death!’

So runs the entry in my diary, made the night after the occur-

rence it chronicles. It was the last record ever entered there. For then and there, I felt, as I have felt ever since, that there are occurrences in life which no paper should receive; their only record should be in the heart. I feel, however, that there is a moral in this tale, that warrants me in relating it to the world. Simply changing names of persons and localities, I will write it here as it occurred. I need no notes, it is engraven too deeply upon my heart ever to be forgotten: I let memory draw upon the past, and the draft is freely honored.

About twenty years ago, I was a young graduate, fresh from college, crowned with honors, and in the first flush of a victorious scholastic career. Full of the sudden freedom which I felt in every nerve, I reflected that my days of drudgery among the classics, and all the paraphernalia of an educational course in a modern collegiate institution were at length over, and I could now luxuriate in those enjoyments from which I had so long been withheld.

But although I confess I possessed these feelings in no slight degree, I was not by any means a dunce, thankful for my deliverance from books which I abhorred, and studies which I had neglected. I had labored hard, and had fairly earned the laurels which were as fairly showered upon me. I was happy only that I was free to act as I chose; to feel that I was independent to make my start in the race of life, as best pleased me.

At first, the position to which I had attained, the admiration which my acquirements excited in my little village home, had their effect, and I entered into the various pleasures which my vicinity to the city afforded me, with increased zest. But gradually this life began to pall upon my taste; the studious habits I had formed would not be so easily broken, and I pined for my old pursuits. At this period, I first became acquainted with Annie Walters, then a blushing girl of fifteen, and the pet of the village. Our acquaintance was a peculiar one, and as it ripened into friendship, assumed the character which after years rendered so powerful in its effect upon both our lives. Already, Annie looked up to me with a feeling almost of reverence, and young as I was, showed that respect for my opinions so flattering to the self-esteem of every one. My character was then rapidly assuming the sedateness which has characterized it during my life, and I seemed much older than I really was. And it was not strange that I should have such weight in the mind of a young and thoughtless girl. To me Annie came with all her doubts, all her little griefs, and my advice governed her more frequently even than that of many who had a better right to her confidence.

A year passed, and my determination was fixed to leave my home again and return to my old labors. I resolved to finish my education in one of the German universities; and then hoped to return to my native land, and settle down to those pursuits which my taste so plainly marked out for me. A life devoted to literature was the goal to which I looked forward, and in pursuance of

my intention of preparing myself thoroughly for its duties, I sailed from New-York early in the spring of 183— for Europe.

It is unnecessary for me to revert particularly to my life in Germany, except in such measure as it influenced my after character, and thus tends to illustrate this narrative.

I had ever been deeply impressed with the metaphysical theories, then so rife among the Germans; and when I found myself surrounded by disciples of those strange systems of philosophy, I eagerly grasped at every clue that would lead me toward a correct interpretation of their mystical beliefs.

Thus I soon became a fervent disciple of Kant, Fichte, Herder, and other great teachers; for I believed equally in all, and where their opinions clashed, I erected a bridge of my own, which united the opposing sides, and at the same time furnished a royal road for me to travel to the goal I sought. Thus fatalism, metempsychosis, and Platonism, all became mixed in my brain in a heterogeneous mass of crude fancies, from which I fondly hoped to elicit at some period sparks of truth to guide me in my future researches, and even, as I thought, in my own course of life. Five years passed quickly away; and after a rapid tour through the principal cities of Europe, I again crossed the Atlantic on my way home, eagerly looking forward to the delight of meeting my friends again, and thinking with not a little pride on the sensation I would create among them.

I reached S——, my native village, safely, and found myself, as I expected, the lion of the day. Among the first to welcome me was Annie. The means for carrying on correspondence were at that time so limited, that I had seldom heard from home, and for the last year of my residence in Europe, my address had been so often changed, that I was surprised to hear for the first time that she was married. I had, however, no feeling of regret; for our intercourse had never tended toward making us lovers. She had been married nearly a year, to a Mr. Newland, a retired merchant of Boston. Her husband was an old man, and very wealthy. He had for several years made S—— his place of residence during the summer season, and had watched Annie's growth with an eye that soon beamed with affection, as he saw her many beauties of mind and body expand before him until she grew into the perfect flower.

Advanced in years, lonely, and pining for some one to cherish, some one to love him in his declining days, Mr. Newland at length sought her hand. In that little village there were few young men; and Annie had never formed an affection for any one, that would prevent her from looking upon this union with consideration at least, while the many favorable views which she could not but take of the match, did not fail to impress her. Beside, his evident love for her, approaching almost to adoration, had the effect which it so often has: to create an affection on her part, fictitious perhaps in reality, but bearing every semblance of genuineness. She married him, and was happy. Indeed she could not have been other-

wise: her lightest wish was to him a law; and his great love for her created in him an intuitive perception of her desires, almost before they existed, certainly before they were expressed.

A month before my arrival, Mr. Newland received a visit from a young man, a distant relative, residing in New-York. His name was Liston, Frank Liston, and I often met him afterward among mutual friends, and had every opportunity for studying his character. He was certainly, as all allowed, possessed of great attractions. Bred to the profession of the law, he was, however, made rich in his own right by the decease of a wealthy relative, and therefore was not obliged to his profession for existence. Young, handsome, well educated, fascinating, and possessing that quality so fatal to woman, so commanding over men — fluent and persuasive speech — he readily attained an elevated position in the friendship of the good people of S ——. For some reason or other beyond my ken, I took a strange dislike to Liston from the first moment that I saw him, which increased in vigor as I saw his attentions to Annie becoming so marked. Yet Mr. Newland seemed to notice nothing, or at all events to fear nothing. Thoroughly trusting his wife, and having also full confidence in Liston, he paid little attention to their actions, and saw nothing in his attentions but what was warranted by his position as a relation, and a member of their family circle. And even I, suspicious by nature, and having my suspicions sharpened by my regard for Annie, could not blame her husband's calmness, when I saw how truly she seemed to love him, and how utterly devoid of any warmth were her feelings toward Liston. Annie and I met frequently: our old attitude toward each other was of course somewhat changed by her marriage; but still she seemed to regard me as an elder brother, and the same strange reverence for my opinions still existed in her mind, and showed itself in her actions. At this period, after having been lionized to my heart's content, the gentlemen of the adjoining town of N ——, forming the Literary Society of the place, invited me to address them in public, upon some ideal subject, for which my studies in Europe had so well fitted me. I willingly accepted the invitation, and prepared my discourse. Many years have passed since then, and I have frequently been called upon to address crowds of the most intellectual of the men and women of my native land, throughout its largest cities; but never have I felt the thrill of pride that gushed through me, when I received the call to speak before an audience of a few hundred of my old friends in the little town of N ——.

Left to select my own subject, my mind naturally reverted to the metaphysical theories I had so loved in my European studies. A fervent admirer myself of their poetic beauty and seeming truth, I longed to impart something of my own knowledge, something of my own trust in them, to others. Full of this idea, I chose for my subject: 'Ideal Truths and their potency.' Ah! how well I remember that pleasant autumn evening! The little hall, tastefully decorated for the occasion, was crowded with familiar faces.

Around me were the aged men and women I had so long loved and respected, the young who had been my school-mates, and were now my dear friends, and conspicuous among them, occupying a seat near to the lecturer's chair, I saw the sweet face of Annie Newland. She was accompanied only by Liston, her husband being unwell, and readily intrusting her to the care of his young relative, rather than debar her from the pleasure of witnessing the triumph of her old friend.

As I appeared before the audience, I was received with earnest and heart-felt welcome, and when my words rang through the room, I could see that careful attention, that deep interest so grateful to the orator, depicted in every countenance. My address was carefully prepared and committed to memory; and never will its language be effaced from my mind. One passage I must quote, not egotistically, but because it has direct bearing upon the events of my sad story. I had reached in the course of my address, my favorite theory, 'Platonic affection,' and every word came from my heart, and was as pure in its foundation there, as was my own earnest belief in its truth. The words ran thus:

'Centuries ago, a philosopher taught the science of the soul in the school of Athens. Those centuries have passed with their thought, their action, and their events; the doctrines of Plato have been disseminated through the enlightened world, they have been discussed, refuted, and re-refuted; yet the theory of the immortality of the soul exists, and will exist after we have passed away like those before us, and have left behind us as they did, our evidence of its solemn truth. Among the other ideas to which the grand reasoning powers of the sage gave birth, was the theory which we term in honor of its founder, 'Platonic love.'

'The strange and seemingly causeless sympathy which occasionally, then as ever since, sprang up between the sexes, caused the philosopher to think and wonder, and a surprise at any new discovery in his favorite science was with him only the prelude to investigation; he soon came to conclusions, the accuracy of which the world has long since proved.

'The theory of Plato, beautiful in its simplicity, is this: In the creation of the human race, the soul, or essential spirit of immortality, is divided equally between the sexes. Thus each individual in his or her spiritual organization, is incomplete, until in their perambulations upon earth, the missing half of their souls shall be found. The affinity, the sympathy which sometimes takes possession of a male and female at the same time for each other, is caused by the mutual recognition of the kindred souls.

'One cannot view this theory, so elevated in conception, without admiring the originality and delicacy of the intellect which created or rather discovered it, as well as its own intrinsic purity and virtue. And where such a link is discovered in the grand chain of ideal truth, forged by the hand of DIVINITY, who shall dare break it, or suffer the petty conventionalities of our little span of existence, to interfere with the working of God's own system?

No! let us each welcome our twin spirit whenever and wherever we find it, and thank HEAVEN that we are permitted to add our little atom of evidence to the great arcana of celestial truth.'

I concluded my discourse with a peroration upon the powerful though unseen effect of 'ideal truths' on our daily life, on our intercourse with friends and the world, and on our own actions. At the end I was gratified by a round of applause that made the little hall tremble. My success was complete, and as I stepped from the stage into the body of the hall, many of my friends grasped my hand and congratulated me on my effort. Among others came Annie, but I was astonished at the effect my words apparently had produced upon her. She did not seem like herself; her usually tranquil countenance was flushed and excited, and as she shook my hand I felt that hers was burning with fever. Her voice trembled as she requested me to see her in a few days, for she desired to converse with me upon a matter of serious import. I was surprised at her manner, but readily promised, and soon forgot all that was strange in the circumstance.

I called on her as desired, and saw her alone. After some trivial conversation, she introduced the subject of my late lecture, and wished to know if the sentiments I had expressed, especially as regarded Platonic love, were really my own thoughts and opinions. Seeing nothing, fool that I was, but curiosity in her question, I took the opportunity to pour forth a rhapsody upon the truth of the theory, supporting my assertion by all my best arguments, until her doubts, if she had any, were all silenced.

A few days later I left S —, and was absent some weeks. On my return I was met with the astounding intelligence that Annie had fled from her husband, in company with Frank Liston. Paralyzed for the moment, I could not think. Then my heart grew cold within me, for suddenly all flashed upon me, and I knew that I, in my foolish egotism, was the cause. Now her excitement at the lecture, her anxious questioning when we next met, all were as clear as day. Knowing her respect for my opinions, her belief in my judgment, as well as her complete trust in my truth and honor, Liston had seen his advantage, and with an infernal art unsurpassed, had used my own words to draw her into the toils; once fairly enmeshed, no power could save her. And now the utter fallacy of all ideal truths as active agents implanted itself in my heart, never to be displaced. Arguments I could have answered, doctrines I could have controverted, but the cold, bald fact stared me in the face, and I recanted without volition of my own, in my inmost soul, all my late theories.

All these thoughts flashed through my brain in an instant's space, burning like a brand as they flew. Overcome with so much horror, I fell to the ground in a swoon. The next day I was raving in all the wild extravagancies of the brain-fever. As I heard afterward, in my paroxysms I cursed myself as the destroyer of Annie's innocence.

I pictured myself in my madness, as a demon of evil, forced to

wander through the world, destroying all I had held most dear, and chuckling with the satisfaction of a ghou! over my victims. Thus I lay for weeks nearly senseless; and when, months after, I arose from my couch, weak in body and sick in mind, it was, I hope, to begin a life of wiser thoughts and nobler actions. Annie had been heard of in Europe. Traced to Florence, she was there lost.

Old Mr. Newland, heart-broken, and wearied of a life which could have no more happiness in store for him, had sunk under his grief and died. To the last he loved Annie; and when his will was opened, his large property was found to be left in trust for her, should she ever be discovered; and in case of her death being known, it was to be devoted to charitable purposes. Her family had removed from the village, and gone no one knew where.

No one out of my own family suspected the cause of my great grief, and they but partially. They could not understand as I could, how greatly I was to blame.

For a year I travelled through the western wilds of my own country, and then returned to my home, with my morbid fancies replaced by a healthier state of mind, induced by the acquaintance I had since made with God's greatest metaphysical theory, nature. Years passed on; I settled in New-York; advanced in my profession, married; and soon the society of my family and friends, and the success of my career, partly healed the wound caused by the sad, sad event of my youth. I never heard of her more, until years after the event occurred which commences my narrative.

From the inquiries which I made after her discovery, I found, as I expected, only the old, sad story. For a time, apparently cherished and cared for by the villain who had betrayed her, she was perhaps happy; so completely had he obtained the mastery of her mind. But at length, as must ever be the case, he wearied of her and cast her off. God forbid that he and I may ever meet.

Her after-life I will not picture. Let it be buried beneath the shadows of the past.

Never since my first lecture in the little town of N — have I sought to make converts to the theory of Platonic affection.

SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

Born, as in fairy flight, upon the wing
Of a bright dream, where two roads winding part
All suddenly I stand, and in my heart
Awakes a wild tumultuous fluttering
Alike of hope and fear. Lo! on the right,
As through a fairy realm where sweet skies bring
Unending day, upward till lost in light
The flowery path. Ever o'er that earth and sky
Love's soft pulsations thrill, and floats its sigh.
And there we seem to wander, O my fair!
Still on, until we touch the fields of light;
And thou, who shon'st the loveliest vision there,
Didst wreath my brow with wished-for glory bright,
And with thy smile thou mad'st that glory dear.

THE RITTER CARL OF EICHENHORST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BY CHARLES J. LUKENS.

'KNAVE! saddle me my Danish horse!
It irks me, this inaction:
I quit it for a distant course,
My castle breeds distraction!'
So cried the Ritter CARL in haste,
By anguish and foreboding chased:
His ills appeared to thicken,
As if death had him stricken.

He mounts, and, charging, set the sparks
Throughout the court-yard flying;
With eyes cast down he scarcely marks
His GERTRUDE's maiden hieing:
The startled Knight winced at the sight,
He knew it augured no delight:
It shook him, as a fever,
With welcome to receive her.

'God save ye, noble youth and lord!
God send ye peace and gladness!
This message hither — much deplored —
My poor dame sends in sadness:
'Lost, lost to you is GERTRUDE's hand:
To young MAX, heir of Pommerland,
Her sire would her affiance,
And swears to force compliance.'

'Death!' cursed he loud by sword and spear,
'But that past memories wrestle,
Thou'dst disappear in dungeon drear,
Where toad and lizard nestle.
I will not rest, by day or night,
Till I have conquered MAX in fight;
And to thy mistress given
The heart late from him riven!'

'Now in her chamber, sorely tried
By most unsirely quickness,
Sighs, sobs, and weeps, and prays the bride,
And longs for her last sickness.
Ah! soon the LORD must graciously
Compassionate her misery:
Perchance, while this is telling,
The bells her death are knelling.

'With myriad tears my lady sobbed,
'O CARL! my life is fleeting;
Our hearts in last embrace have throbb'd,
Death chills my last, last greeting!'

'God keep thee! — say thou com'st to bring
From me to him this golden ring:
This baldric too, in token
Of love and faith unbroken!'

The woful tidings — ill to brook —
Roared in his ears as ocean;
The mountains reeled, the castle shook,
The earth was in commotion.
Fast as the whirlwind's touch bereaves
The stately wood of limbs and leaves,
His spirits fell; but faster
Depression found him master.

'God bless thee, true and faithful maid,
A million-fold and over!
For GERTRUDE's heart, so well displayed
To her unhappy lover!
This service I can ne'er repay;
But hie thee lightly back, and say
That I will surely save her,
Though myriad chains enslave her!

'Be sprightly, lass! but circumspect;
Bestir thee hence instant!
Although by countless giants checked,
Yet will I disenchant her!
When stars gem mid-night, secretly
Beneath her lattice will I be;
Then fare it, as it fareth,
To both as HEAVEN careth!

'Up, and away!' The maid flew light,
Till soon a toy were larger.
Deep breathed the knight, and cleared his sight,
And stirred his pawing charger;
Then wheeled him, foaming, here and there,
His plot of rescue framed with care,
Resolving and revolving,
And fears and doubts dissolving.
With that he wound his silver horn,
From battlement resounding,
And straightway came, through corn and thorn,
His eager vassals bounding.
Aside he took them, man by man,
To whisper in each ear the plan:
'So said! so done! Be steady,
And at my summons ready!'

As now mid-night ravine and height
Disguised in raven shadows:
And Hochburg's lamps, late beaming bright
Low flickered o'er the meadows;
While sleep fell deep on cot and keep;
Aye feverish, and prone to weep,
Watched GERTRUDE, sleep refusing,
And on her Ritter musing.

There! Hark! she starts, as love's low tone
Came sweetly upward flying:
'Hist, GERTRUDE, hist! I'm here — alone:
Quick! dress! we must be hieing!
I — I — thy Ritter, call on thee
To hasten softly down to me:
The ladder's fixed already:
My palfrey's fast and steady!'

'Ah! no! thou dearest CARL, ah! no!
Cease! I'll refrain from hearing:
With thee, alone, I dare not go,
A tarnished honor fearing!
Only love's last and sweetest kiss
Be, noble Knight, our mutual bliss,
Ere I, in death's close cerements,
For aye lose thy endearments!'

'Child! on my knightly oath and care
Couldst build the earth, and rove it
Blithe as the bird, free as the air,
Pure as those orbs above it;
Forth from my mother's home we start,
Where marriage shall compose thy heart,
Honor and life preserving:
Trust me, without once swerving!'

'My sire, of haughty ancestry,
Boasts more of will than feeling:
Lord Baron of the Empire, he
Counts naught a daughter's kneeling.
He will not weary night or day,
Till he has taken thy life away;
And, farther vengeance seeking,
Shown me thy warm heart reeking!'

'Child! only first be saddle-fast,
I mock pursuit and danger!
Oh! linger not — this moment passed,
Thou'rt given to the stranger!
Hark! dearest, hark! who stirs and hears?
For God's sake, haste! the night has ears!
Come, love! or rue it direly:
Come! else we're lost entirely!'

The lady trembles, falters, stands,
In shuddering half abasement;
He seized her by the swan-like hands,
And drew her from the casement.
Ah! how her precious head and breast,
With pride, desire, pain, pleasure pressed,
At once assured and frightened,
The lofty stars delighted!

With stalwart arm his love he swung
Upon the Polish flitter:
Hey! on the Dane, his bugle slung,
Exultant felt the Ritter.

As GERTRUDE slacked the palfrey's rein,
With spur the Ritter roused the Dane,
Her scourge the Pole excited;
And Hochburg lay despited!

Alas! the mid-night caught each word
The cautious lovers uttered:
The lady's governess o'er-heard;
And, prying, sneered and muttered:
For being treacherous and old,
And loving naught but self and gold,
She nimbly sprung and dressed her,
To carry what possessed her.

'Hallo, Lord Baron! Wake and rise!
From virtue — out upon her! —
Your Lady GERTRUDE haply flies,
To woo shame and dishonor!
Already she and EICHENHORST
Have far through field and forest coursed!
Quick! — arm! — and mount! — and sally!
Ye lose her if ye dally!'

Up sprang the Baron from his sleep;
And hurried on his armor;
And thundered through the court and keep;
A truculent alarmer:
'Arouse! my son of Pommerland!
To horse! take lance and sword in hand!
The bride flees with a reaver:
Away, then, to retrieve her!'

The pair far through the twilight sped,
A hollow clamor hearing:
Hark! thunder-tones reveal the tread
Of Hochburg's troop careering;
And wild came MAX, his bridle slack,
Far, far before the vengeful pack,
To GERTRUDE's horror, hurling
His lance, while CARL was whirling.

'Halt, halt! thou sneaking ravisher,
With thy smooth, wanton booty,
Till I with falchion hack thy spur,
Then steal another beauty!
Stay, stay! thou wandering Cyprian!
Thy paramour's a proper man;
But infamy shall cover
Thee, when I've slain thy lover!'

'Thou liest! MAX of Pommerland,
By Heaven and knightly banners!
Alight, thou boor, that hand and brand
May teach thee better manners!
Here, GERTRUDE, curb the Danish horse:
Sir ruffian, wield thy glaive with force!
Down from thy jade, vile fretter,
Until I teach thee better!'

Ah! GERTRUDE, full of care and dread,
Saw high their broadswords swinging :
Clear sparkled in the morning red
The Damascene blades ringing ;
With clash and clang from thrust and stroke,
Among the hills the echo woke ;
Each stamp fresh ire provoking,
The ground beneath 'gan smoking.

Struck, tempest-like, her favored sword
The hated weapon under ;
While all unscathed was GERTRUDE's lord,
MAX had to yield and wonder.
Alas! alas! now Heaven fend!
Rode up, full tilt, MAX to befriend,
As CARL scarce finished battling,
All Hochburg's troopers rattling!

Travah! travah! through wood and glade,
Hear CARL his bugle sounding!
See! starting up from ambushade,
His mounted vassals bounding!
Now then, lord Baron, list to me:
Beware of yonder chivalrie!
They are in conflict heady,
And at my least beck ready!

'Hold, Baron! hold! howe'er enraged,
Or thou mayst long deplore it!
Thy child to me her heart engaged,
For mine pledged years before it.
Wilt wound and sever heart and heart,
When neither could exist apart,
And bear the blame of blighting?
Well, then, we'll venture fighting!

'I pray ye, Baron, yet forbear,
While faults can be amended:
In strictest honor have I e'er
Thy cherished child attended.
Give, father, give me GERTRUDE's hand;
The Heavens gave me gold and land:
Thank God! my blazon vieth
With thine; and stain defieeth!'

Ah! GERTRUDE, full of wo and dread,
Death's withered paleness showing,
Before the Baron, hot, and red
As a fierce furnace glowing;
Poor GERTRUDE from her palfrey sprung;
Her dainty hands convulsive wrung,
Knelt down; and, sobbing often,
She strove her sire to soften.

'O father! for the love of Heaven!
Forego this direful slaughter:
Forgive, as thou wouldst be forgiven;
And raise thy wretched daughter.

Believe, dear father! wrong or right,
I ne'er would have attempted flight,
But for my forced betrothing
To one I saw with loathing.

'In olden days, on hand and knee,
With love's supreme addiction,
Oft hast thou rocked and carried me,
And soothed me in affliction :
O father! on the past reflect!
Let not my future peace be wrecked!
Bereft of CARL : thou killest
Me in the match thou willest!'

No word the troubled Baron speaks :
With grizzled head averted,
He chafed his weather-beaten cheeks,
His self-control exerted ;
For sorrow filled both heart and mien ;
Yet, all too stout to have it seen,
In true baronial fashion,
He quelled the rising passion.

But wrath soon yielded to the call,
A father's heart upswelling ;
And crystal tears began to fall
From his proud eyes o'erwelling.
Then from the ground he raised his child,
Th' unwonted heart's flood running wild :
He'd nearly known no morrow,
For marvellous sweet sorrow.

'Now Heaven forgive the wrong I've done,
As freely as I rue it!
My child, receive my benison ;
Fears nevermore bedew it!'
The Baron toward the Ritter bent :
'Sir CARL, I thoroughly relent :
There! take her with my blessing ;
Her heart and mine possessing !

'Come! be my son : thy chosen wear :
Past grievance and annoyance,
Forgiven and forgotten e'er,
Enhance our present joyance.
Thy father — once my rival — sought
To bring my dearest plans to naught :
First wronged me, then berated :
Him, in his son, I hated !

'His evil, son, with good requite,
To me and to my daughter,
Whom mayst thou find, with rapt delight,
Beyond all thou hast thought her !
God bless ye both, in every way :
Long may ye live, in love for aye :
Hands interclasped, hearts blended !'
And — here the song is ended.

October 8, 1857.

The Palimpsest:

THE NARRATIVE OF A FATALIST.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, OF MARYLAND.

HERE then was my Palimpsest brought into the day, reason discomfited, and the veil of nearly seven centuries swept aside by my experimenting hand. Here was I, standing on the same ground with Petrarch, Angelo Majo, Blum, Goeschen, and others. But what could it be? What was this history, written by a Moorish physician? What were these things to which I was chosen *heir*? And how could the solution of whatever was the problem, be found in the problem itself? Again, why was this prayer to the God of the fates to defend the heir of this secret? I would find it out. Not, however, without a shudder did I determine upon the undertaking. I recognized the destiny which seemed to govern the whole matter, directing Abdallah to act as he did in obliterating the manuscript, (and this especially struck me, as I had never heard that, at *that* time, any process of restoration was known,) and guiding me so surely to the possession of this wondrous heirloom. Should I tempt fate, or ought I not rather to let the matter rest ere I was farther involved, perhaps irrevocably, with this mysterious affair? But no; it was a bugbear. I could at any time hurl the book in the fire. It *could* not do me harm simply to restore a lost work; and beside, some invaluable secret might here be locked up.

And I therefore set to work upon another page of my missal, being this time — proof that I was in earnest — the magnificent title-page; but here I was utterly at fault. That it contained writing was evident, for here were the characters in regular lines. There must be some meaning in it, yet I could evolve none from what seemed merely an indiscriminate medley of different alphabets. I resolved, however, that it possessed an intelligibility grand in proportion to the obscurity which enveloped it, and this I would do away with, cost what it might. To this end I applied myself with system and industrious energy.

First, I exposed the whole manuscript to the restorative process, in hopes of finding some help toward the solution. In this I was unsuccessful. For greater convenience, I took an accurate copy of the whole writing upon paper, and then essayed conjecture. We have here a piece of writing whose termination, to judge from the place of the Latin inscription, is where an English composition would begin. What does that indicate? Either that it is Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Samaritan, or Persian. Why? Because only those nations, within the range of the probable composition of this ms.

(it could not have been in Phœnician, Pelasgic, or their immediate congeners) wrote from right to left. Also, the author speaks of himself as a Moor and a physician; it is therefore probable that he wrote in *Arabic*, which probability is strengthened by the date he gives us; since at that time, next to the Latin, the Arabic was the language of composition, excepting in the narrow circle that still retained the Greek. Let us then jump to the conclusion that the language employed (if there be a fixed language, which, to judge from the appearance of the manuscript, is probable) is the Arabic. Thus, one point is gained.

Second: Farther observation showed me that the alphabets of three languages were employed in the composition—the Arabic, the Hebrew, and the Greek; and that, in addition, there were twenty arbitrary signs which might be almost any thing, hieroglyphic, numeral, or verbal. I also noticed that the writing was divided into chapters, each headed by three letters or signs, all different, and in number twenty-eight. Here I was in a terrible quandary. Every principle stated by which it is possible to solve cryptographic writing, I studied and applied in vain. I went over the whole thing time and again, beginning with the most simple plan and ending with the most difficult, but with no result. My desk was crowded with mathematical calculations, in obedience to theory, and my brain befogged with hieroglyphic wonders. At last, destiny (or chance—call it what you will) revealed to me another step, just as I was about giving up in despair. I picked up a slip of paper, upon which, in some vain hope, I had written off the headings of the chapters. Mechanically I ran my eye down the list, and observed, what had never struck me before, that *each one* contained an *Arabic letter*. Another glance assured me that no letter was repeated, that their number was twenty-eight, and instantly I remembered Abdallah's statement that the puzzle contained its own solution, and the thought struck me, What if here be the alphabet we are seeking? I glanced at the manuscript, but was not assured. Let us assume it. It is a step in advance any how, whether correct or not. But what was to be done with the twenty-two Hebrew letters, and the twenty-four Greek, and the twenty unknown signs? I thought over the matter a long time, but finally reasoned thus: Supposing our previous assumptions to be proved true, in what way can we most reasonably account for these alphabets and these signs? Our Abdallah seems to have been a shrewd chap, and seems also to have desired to conceal the inheritance to which I am heir, as closely as possible. These alphabets and signs doubtless were intended to contribute to that result. In what way would they most effectually do so; for under the presumption of Abdallah's great ingenuity, that is the very method he would be most likely to employ. May not these signs have been employed as *substitutes*, proxies, for the Arabic? Certainly this is plausible, and is not contradicted by the appearance of the text. For the sake of experiment we assume this also. Recapitulating, I found I had advanced three points toward a solution:

- I. Our language is Arabic; (key-fact, and tolerably certain.)
- II. Our alphabet is contained in the headings of the chapters; (not proven.)
- III. The Greek and Hebrew letters, and the arbitrary signs are (suppositiously) employed merely *vice* the Arabic letters, and consequently go to compose Arabic words.

But I had by no means arrived at a solution of the problem here. I had only a collection of letters: which was which, where to find *a* and where to find *b*, I did not yet know. My difficulty lay principally in the fact that I had only supposititious material to work upon. I attempted, however, to proceed according to the regular cryptographic rules. Either, first, this alphabet has an initial letter, or it has not. If it *has*, then there must be a regular order of divergence of the letters. Second, assuming the existence of an initial letter, our efforts must be devoted to its discovery. Let us try. I selected ten words, each containing the first letter, (that is, the index of the first chapter,) or one of the proxies. By a rapid comparison, I found that the arrangement could not be in the regular order of the composition; that is, if the first was *a*, the second and third could not be *b* and *c*, etc.

I reflected. Of course it is *possible* that I can discover the arrangement by a continuation of this process. But what an endless task it might be! *Four* letters are susceptible of twenty-four arrangements in regular order with respect to an initial. What would be the number possible to twenty-eight? Beside, if there *be* no initial? Moreover, we are working on credit altogether, our positions being unproven, and it will not do for us to speculate too deeply. Let us suppose, therefore, the *contrary* of our previous proposition, namely, that there is *not* an initial letter. What then?

For two days and nights this question lay unanswered in my mind. *Then* the light began to glimmer around me. Our proceedings have been unscientific so far, let us continue them in the same conjectural *à priori* fashion. I took up the Latin inscription. On the face of this three facts were stated:

First, a date, in two forms. Second, a name—Abdallah the Saracen. Third, a journey to a convent in Asturia.

Supplementary to these, I recollected that my Moor was a physician, and a learned man. Was not here a means of arriving at some entrance into the labyrinth? What would a learned Moor, and a physician, be most likely to write about? Either his own peculiar art, or alchemy, or ethics, or history. In either case, names of persons, things, and places would be likely to occur. May we not, by collating a series of names and words he would probably use, discover a letter or two that would give us a clue? I thought it possible.

Then I collected several words, general and particular, being such as most accorded with the time mentioned and the apparent circumstances of Abdallah. [The reader must here continually bear in mind, that, under the assumption of his ignorance of Arabic, I am

going through, *not the same*, but a *similar* process to that which I actually pursued, translating, in fact, the original language into the vernacular.] Of names likely to be found in the writing, whatever it might be, I had : Allah, Kalif, Mahommad, and two or three others. Under the historical supposition, I took Bagdat, Cairo, Cordova, Spain, Morocco, Grenada, Abdalrhaman, Ommiyah, Almamun, Abbas and its generic, Fatimites, Guadalquiver, Abdallah, Asturia, Seville, etc. Under the medical and alchemical hypothesis, I chose Hermes Trismegistus, (as the grand master of the Alchemists) Averrhoes, Avicenna, Alchemy, Gebir, and many *long* names of medicines, simples, etc. These words I arranged in columns, according to the *number of letters* they contained. Now in Allah there are five letters, in Hermes Trismegistus eighteen, in Abdallah eight, in Kalif five, etc. I looked carefully through the manuscript, and culling out every word of the corresponding number of letters, arranged them in columns also. I had in the column of eights, whose principal word was Abdallah, one hundred and five words, under Allah and Kalif three hundred and eighty-seven, and under Hermes Trismegistus thirteen, and so on.

Here was a promised enormousness of work. Each of these words might have to be compared with all the others, and even *then*, I was by no means certain of a satisfactory result. A great source of trouble was the constant triplication of the letters, making a sure progress very slow, on account of the care necessary to the avoidance of error. However, I was resolved, and fate had predetermined.

Upon farther reflection, I found that I could simplify my operations considerably by excluding from my syllabic list such words as, under the foregone premises, *could not* be those required. Thus, under Abdallah, I rejected all such as did not contain the first letter three times repeated, and a double letter between the second and third reproduction. This process gave me a result scarce hoped for. Of the particular combination, Abdallah, there were only twelve recurrences, and in these were only *four* individual words, one being six times repeated, one three times, one twice, and one only once. Hermes Trismegistus gave me only one word three times repeated, and I half-flattered myself that in this way I had secured eighteen letters. Abdallah I took to be the word six times recurring, since its last five letters coincided with a word frequently appearing in the column Allah. Here, then, provided my hypotheses were all correct, I had secured five letters, *a, b, d, h, l*, out of twenty-eight. I tried these in comparison with other words : first, one that might be Bagdat. I had Ba . da . : this was not sufficient. Then I essayed Abdalrhaman, as a frequent Arabian name : it gave me *Abdal . ha . a .* : I was pretty certain of this, and considered three more letters secured, namely, *m, n, r*. With the assistance of these I tried to verify Hermes Trismegistus. To this end I had H . rm . . . r . . , but the *m* failed, and of course I threw it aside. (The reason was, that he is spoken of almost universally as 'the Master,' and not often named. He is a sort of

Demogorgon of the adepts, whose name even is reverently to be circumlocuted.) I now, to be secure, verified my eight letters, by using them in connection with words that had no other letters. They spelt genuine Arabic words in every instance. Here, then, was positive evidence that my conjectural processes had been established as facts, and that so far as I had gone, I had pursued the right path. In a very short time I had completed my alphabet. Almamun gave me *u*, etc., and in the course of two hours, I had completed my knowledge of the problem so far as to read the first few sentences with but slight difficulty. I now found that there *was* a definite arrangement of the alphabet; the eighth heading being the initial letter, then the ninth, next the seventh, then the tenth, and so on.

The reader may perchance inquire why it is that I have been so particular in the recital of the method employed in effecting the solution of this cryptograph. A reason I have most undoubtedly had, and it is this: that he may recognize how completely I was guided by destiny, (*deus fatorum*,) or what he will be more likely to call chance, in the whole matter; and that thus, the manner in which I discuss what is to follow, may not procure me his reprobation. In not one circumstance of the whole affair did I seem to myself to be pursuing an ordinary course. I resorted to no science: I offended every probability in the whole calculus; blindly stumbling, my feet ever trod the only possible path. Whatever I vaguely conjectured became essential to the solution to be effected. I dreamed, and it was so; I fancied a result, and it came forth as if from a syllogistic process. It was fatality.

But I did not *then* pause to think. Here was the mystery solved, and the secrets of the wondrous manuscript open before me. Eagerly I seized it in my hands, translated the text into plain Arabic, and that again into plain English. In a week I was the master of the palimpsest. Nay, it was master of me.

Yes, it was done. Oh! I must pause an instant, an instant close my eyes to the dark gulf that gapes before me. As the bereaved lingers by the shrouded dust ere it is dismissed to its kind, so would I look one little moment upon the past, with its rose-hued bloom, before I step into the dark rayless night that followed; and yet:

‘WHY linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed: thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman: and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.’

Thus went the narrative:

‘I SPEAK NOT FICTION, BUT WHAT IS CERTAIN AND MOST TRUE.’

‘My hand trembles, as I commence this my history. O thou, mine heir and successor, thou who art fated to discover and to

suffer ; to know, to wither, and to become more perfect by reason of thine own wreck, as the prophet Adam was the greater man after he had gone out from Paradise ! do not find fault with me for this thing ; do not curse me, but pardon ; remembering the irrevocable pronouncement of the fates. For, in the book of the mighty master, the first and greatest in our art, the compasser of the three greatest things — that grand trinity possible to every man, but grasped by him only* — in his book, which is a vial sealed, save only to the pure and reverent adept, it is thus written : ‘ The words of fate through the stars. Not to be cancelled, but to be revered. There shall hereafter come one who will of many elements compound a strange drug unparalleled, which shall put into his hands the lives of princes and of men, without suspicion, but to his profit and honor among men ; for it is not to be detected, nor shall it have any antidote. And the possessors of this secret shall be two only : he that shall make the drug, and he that shall come after him, being his heir, though many shall vainly strive to compass it ; for so decree the fates. The former, being carnal, shall in the end reap no profit, but mortify his flesh that led him into ungodly error. The arrow of a sinful act shall return upon the second, so that he shall cry aloud : ‘ God punisheth me miserable.’ For the fates have said it ; because he shall pry curiously and without reverence into the inner crypt, which is wrong. And after this shall the sacrifice be complete, and the terrible thing perish before men, forever and forever. Now God be praised. Which is ordained, and must be, for the stars have said it.’

‘ I, therefore, the first, with a weary, sad heart, according to the decree, consign to thee, the second, my secret, locking it up, so that perchance a long time may pass ere thou comest. But when thou dost come, pray for the soul of thy wretched father, and curse him not, for his days drink bitterness.

‘ I am named Abdallah of Bagdat. My father before me was a physician, learned in the arts, and wise in knowledge of the planets. He was a bad man, unscrupulous, who knew the evil Kalif, and was ever a caterer to his vices. Me he acquainted in his art, and taught all that his books had given him of knowledge. And when, a gray-beard, he was called, behold, my youth was as learned as his age, in all the wisdom of the children of the most mighty master.

‘ Know, O mine heir ! that my father (whose name was Mansur of Bagdat) called me to his bed-side before he died, and bound me by a solemn oath to accomplish what thing he should require of me :

* ALLUDING, I suppose, to the twelfth one of the thirteen mysterious *formula* propounded by the founder of Alchemy : ‘ Therefore am I called HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, possessing the three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.’ What these three *megista* were, the master does not deign to inform us ; but probably they were those of Mr BAILLY’S Mystic :

‘ — THE initiate of the light,
The adopted of the water and the sun,’

who was gifted in this style, from

‘ WISDOM her adamantine seal, and TRUTH
Her sapphire signet ; LOVE his ruby ring.’

else would men defile me, my children, and children's children forever, and cast spittle upon their beards and mine, for that I did not reverence him who begat me. And when I had sworn, he showed to me the passage I have written for thee from the book of the master; and when I had read it, he spoke thus: 'Thou hast read, O my son! Know, also, that thou art chosen by the stars to do this thing which is written. Thou hast sworn, and canst not refuse. Thou shalt perfect the discovery which I have begun, and thou shalt build up the faith of thy prophet, and thine own honor and name with its help. For so it is meet, and so Allah will be pleased, and Mohammed his prophet. Make thy secret known to no one, only lock it up where thy decreed heir can some time get into its possession.' And he gave me certain papers, containing a recital of that which he had done; and then, turning his face to the wall, died.

'Five years constantly employed in close thought, experiment, and manipulation, finally enabled me to complete my father's design, and made me master of the drug, to which thou, O fated one! art heir. Here thou wilt find it accurately set forth.'

[Not that pen shall ever more write it, nor ever lip again give utterance to it, reader. In me was the prediction of the potent master made perfect, and the fell sacrifice carried to its end. No one shall share what was mine alone: the secret so oppressive, the endless, consuming woe. 'If thou wouldst seek it, ask of the vaporous air that was burdened with the smoke of the consumption of its every record; of the earth whereon were strewed its pernicious ashes. What was it, dost thou ask? In the euphemistic phraseology of my master, it is called what scarce eight English words can convey, and that inadequately, *'The Death-bringer by Consumption of the lungs.'* Ay, that was it. A very demander of charnel-houses, and enricher of grave-diggers; able to kiss all unsuspecting beautiful ones with its 'cancerous kisses,' even unto death — death inevitable! Able perniciously to linger, or sternly to work with fearful rapidity in the cause of the unmitigable reaper, whose name is Death. A terror, and a horror of horrors, than which never man conceived aught more horrible. O thou hooded, unseen cobra! whose poison-fang, once exasperate, none can avoid, how would physicians stare to see their utmost wisdom so far behind thy death-shade, their knowledge yet comprehending so much beyond it! How would doctoring old women cast away their vials and herb-bags in horror, to think that in *them* was cherished thy might and thy misery!]

'This, O mine heir!' continued Abdallah, after a full explanation of the method of concocting the poison, and also of the different doses which would produce different effects, (which, for convenience, he numbered One, Two, and Three.) 'This is the fruit of my toil, and the ghastly changeling procreated of my unholy study. My long experience in its uses, my anatomical researches — which I, who was above the prejudices of my time and my people, sedulously and unscrupulously pursued — have taught

me its peculiar effects; and so carefully did I study its operation upon men of different humors, and different frames, that I could predict its every period and climax with exact certainty, and thus gained for myself the additional reputation of a necromancer.'

[Here followed a description of the manner in which the poison worked, elaborately wrought out, and with such surprising accuracy that, *malgré*, the obscure terminology, it would not do discredit to any modern professor, were he to avow it his own composition. I have never seen any pathological exegesis at once so terse, brief, clear, and comprehensive. Mixed with much error were truths that out-ran any medical inductions prior to the last twenty years. In fact, he traced out the connection, or rather the *identity* between consumption and scrofula, showing them to be simply different manifestations of the same strumous habit. This he found by direct experiment: the poison, which in the parent developed its fatal power by means of tubercle, being accustomed to manifest itself in the child by means of scrofular affections of the surface. I do not mean, of course, that he generalized upon his facts with the broad-based wisdom of some modern writers, but he proved himself an unprejudiced and accurate observer, and demonstrated his facts clearly, with a not ordinary appreciation of their connection and tendencies. He seemed to know the office of the lungs, and that tuberculosis was dependent upon some disorganization of the blood; 'for,' says he, 'the effect of the poison is in this wise. It entereth into the stomach by the natural entrance, and is there mixed up and blended with the humors and fluids that have sway in that region. But, by reason of its wondrous subtlety, it doth not permit itself to be rejected therefrom like other injurious substances, by the way which nature hath provided, but doth treacherously court and persuade the blood of its grand and superior knowledge and excellence, (as did the serpent deceive our great mother into evil,) so that the foolish blood, by means of its *many fine channels and passages*, doth draw it up into itself, thus purchasing inevitable ruin to the whole fabric that it doth permeate and keep moist. For, being once established in the blood, (*which is a mixed substance*, as if one should mingle wine and water,) it straightway proceeds to cause dissension between these formerly harmonious partners. It *then joineth itself*, as it were, *to one party, and aideth it to expel the other*, persuading it that thereby it shall become the perfectest of things. And *this is the cause of the ruin that follows*. For the place into which the expelled element (*which is, I think, the grosser portion of the blood*, since after the expulsion, the blood groweth thin and weak,) is *upon the surface of the lungs*,* and being of a resentful nature, it straightway setteth *to work to reinstate itself*, and for this purpose, *eateth like gangrene into the substance of the lung*, trying to reach the heart, which was formerly its citadel. But this it never

* He makes an exception afterward, in the case of children not arrived at puberty; but, perhaps because few of these had been experimented upon, he is here very obscure, and errs exceedingly.

doth ; for its rapid action causeth a fever, slow but consuming, and, *when it encountereth any vessel containing blood*, by reason of its hatred *it destroyeth it*, so that the body is finally exhausted, and dies, the blood having been emptied from it.'

Next follows a disquisition upon the *chemistry* of the poison, seeking to explain, by means of the *elective* doctrines then prevalent, the *rationale* of the above recorded action. But, as this is by no means satisfactory, being too deeply imbued with the alchemical and metaphysical subtleties of a supposed universal principle of affinity, through all its points, I will omit it. One portion of this, which I myself have proven, is attempted to be explained by the same means ; but it is to me a phenomenon of inscrutable mystery, a complete paradox. This was, that, within certain limits, the disease could be *mitigated* in proportion to the *size of the dose*. Thus, while Number One, a few drops only, would cause death in a month, bringing on what is usually known as a 'galloping Consumption,' Number Two, a much *larger dose*, would prolong the disease during a year, and Number Three, the largest limit, would permit life during between eighteen months and three years, according to the constitution assailed. *Why* this is so, it is impossible for me to say. That the *fact stands*, I, O Reader ! who now write, am witness before you.]

T W O P I E C E S .

GLAD, holy time, when little eyes,
With childhood's wonder, gaze upon the world.
The glorious vision of enchanted things,
The heavenly light o'er all the earth, the joy
That nestles only in sweet children's hearts,
Make the bright, many-tinted gate of life
A thousand rainbows ; and amid their light
The wings of innocence and purity
Fold o'er the little traveller, as its clear
And silver halo o'er a star, and make
What is but earth, seem lovely as of heaven.

Bright, happy cloud that voyagest from the sun,
With crimson freight of fading kindling fires,
A splendor in the sky ! The human soul
Its all of glory takes from Him who lit
Its upward soaring flame ; and so, too, thou,
With sun-lit form, bearest away such hues
As Beauty's cheek, nor all the gems of earth,
The opal's changeful light, the ruby's blush,
The rainbowed pearls, or fire-eyed diamonds, know.
Thou seem'st an angel lingering at the shrine
Of some long pilgrimage, and bearing thence
A halo of bright virtues as thy meed
From out its golden urn.

J. A. TAGGARD.

S T A N Z A S .

INSCRIBED TO ONE OF THE 'CHOSEN FEW' WHO DESERVE THE APPELLATION OF FRIEND—S. MARSHALL, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

SWEET home and youth, twin stars that rise,
Bright in the east of dawning life,
And set again ere western skies
Deepen with clouds of care and strife :

Well would it be if ere the storm,
In darkness gathered round the breast,
While with young faith the heart were warm,
In heaven its snowy wings could rest !

And ye have risen and set to me,
And dark and darker grows the way,
As step by step, and thoughtfully,
I totter in Life's twilight gray.

Hope's rainbow once spanned stream and grove,
And heaven seemed on the sun-beam born :
For I but lived all things to love,
Though age hath taught the heart to mourn.

The world that then spread fresh and green,
Along youth's flower-enameled way,
At last hath grown a weary scene :
Its flowrets bright I've seen decay.

Thus high Fame's ladder I have clomb,
As many a one hath done before,
To learn it leads but to the tomb,
Then, *what !* when this poor life is o'er.

Ambition, take thy laurel wreath !
Sad is the brow it twines above,
And sadder still the heart beneath,
That sighs o'er youth and home and love.

Would I could sleep, and sleep and dream,
While run my last few sands of time,
Of daisied field and rippling stream,
And friends so loved in boyhood's prime ;

For save the joy of those sweet years,
How little of thought and less of deed,
I scan without regret and tears :
Life's thorns have pierced me, and I bleed !

Mississippi, 1858.

G, ZELOTES ADAMS.

H U G H M I L L E R .

HUGH MILLER, the subject of the present brief biographical notice, was born in the village of Cromarty, on the north-east coast of Scotland, on the tenth day of October, 1802. His father, Hugh Miller, was a sea-faring man, as had been most of his ancestral line for several generations. Commanding small vessels, they usually traded with the towns of the Hanseatic League, or the southern ports of England and Ireland, although there were not wanting instances in which the more hardy and adventurous pursued their toilsome vocation on the Spanish Main, and even in the remote seas of China and the East-Indies. Such were the casualties attendant upon this mode of life, that, for more than a hundred years, not one male member of the family had been buried in the ancestral burying-ground in Cromarty.

The mother of Hugh Miller was the daughter of a tradesman of his native village, who, while his children were very young, left them orphans dependent on the cold charities of an unfeeling world for support. They (two little girls) fell into the hands of the elder Hugh Miller's mother-in-law, who was then teaching a small school. This good old lady sought to relieve the tedium of her solitude, rendered almost insupportable by the death of her daughter and the absence of her son-in-law upon the sea, by doing little acts of kindness to all with whom she came in contact. These two little girls came in for a large share of her affection and maternal care, and well did they repay her, showing most conclusively that

‘Love is the loan for love.’

While the ship-master was absent on one of his long voyages, the old lady, sinking under the weight of increasing years, felt she could not survive till his return, and so, calling to her bed-side her two young friends, now stretching up into the peerless beauty of mature womanhood, she poured out her dying benisons on their heads, adding, as the weakness of dissolving nature would permit: ‘As for you, Harriet, there waits for you one of the best blessings of the world, the blessing of a good husband.’ The native shrewdness of the old lady had conjectured the true state of affairs, or the

‘Sun-set of life gave her mystical lore ;’

for within the space of a few months after her death, the younger of the two sisters became the ship-master's wife. True, there was a marked difference in their ages, the husband being forty-four, and his wife eighteen ; but never was there a more blissful connection. The young wife was gentle, confiding, and affectionate, while the husband was genial, good-natured, and kind as heart could wish.

From this union sprang the subject of my notice. I know not that any thing very peculiar marked his early days, other than an

innate desire to visit the world outside the door, and to play along the water's edge, watching the gentle play of the billows in their long sweep and roll upon the sands of Cromarty. Here, too, was fostered his taste for geology. His treatment of his play-things foreshadowed an inquiring mind. Frequently, when returning from his voyages, his father would bring some choice toy for his favorite and only son. These the boy usually dispatched by taking them to pieces, in order to discover what they were made of, or what was inside.

Thus passed our hero's youthful days, till November tenth, 1807, when, by the loss of his father's vessel on a voyage from the Hebrides through the Pentland and Murray Friths, he was deprived of the care and instruction of the best of parents. The support of the family, the wife and three children, thus devolved upon the mother, who, having during the day, watched the wayward foot-steps of her darling children, would toil, toil as seamstress through the silent watches of the night, her heart swelling the while with grief almost to bursting. But with all her anxiety and industry, she could scarcely have been able to rear her little family, had she not been assisted by her two brothers, stalwart, hard-working, two-fisted, brawny men, who advanced her means as her necessities demanded.

Before the death of his father, little Hugh had been sent to a female school, where he had learned to read a little, and to accompany the good old dame through the Catechism, the Proverbs, and the New Testament, but it was ever a task the most disagreeable. Presently, however, he arrived at the dignity of reading the Old Testament stories of Joseph and his brethren, of Samson, of David and Goliath, and of Elisha and Elijah. These attracted his attention amazingly, opening to him a new world, the world of information contained in books, and deeply, faithfully did he read, treasuring up the true and beautiful with which to adorn his future writings. Often, at night, after the dismissal of his school, would he creep away into some quiet corner, to con again and again, the same world-renowned incidents.

His maternal uncles, James and Alexander, of whom we have heretofore spoken, and with whom his mother lived, were men of sterling honesty and varied information. James was a harness-maker, and encouraged his nephew to bring his books to his bench, and read, explaining to the young student all such hard words and abstruse terms as he could not readily comprehend. Alexander was of a different turn of mind. A wheelwright by occupation, he was pressed into the service of the government, and placed on board of a man-of-war at the commencement of the war with France. He was present in several engagements, doing credit to himself, and valuable service to his country. Drafted as an artilleryman in the army of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in Egypt, he assisted in dragging over the sterile sands the first gun, which, thereafter, was to deal such effectual destruction to Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids. Having thus seen something of the

world, 'Uncle Sandy' was well qualified to interest a boy of Hugh's mental characteristics. Egotism, however, was not his fault, for he never spoke of what he had *done*, but of what he had *seen*.

In such society did little Hugh's life pass, till he had acquired his tenth year, when he was transferred to the grammar-school situated near, and overlooking the shifting tide of Cromarty. Here, he grew into a knowledge of the world in general, and of parish schools in particular, not unmixed, I ween, with observations made upon the vessels as they appeared in the offing. Cromarty, as you are aware, has been noted from time immemorial for the fishing propensity of its inhabitants, nearly the whole population being engaged at certain seasons of the year in piscatory enterprises. About thirty yards from the school door was a slaughter-house, where the salted pork for which Cromarty was famous, was packed. This establishment, together with the fisheries, enabled our youthful inquirer to gain many items of knowledge in comparative anatomy and physiology. While attending school, his inquisitive mind frequently carried him along the shores of Cromarty, where among the water-rolled fragments of the primary rocks, he found numerous subjects for investigation. He made a collection, and pronounced some small, shining pebbles which he had discovered, to be of the same quality as those found in his mother's brooch; but the neighbors derided the idea, saying that 'the stones in her possession were precious stones, whereas Hugh's minerals were only stones from the shore.' Hugh, however, maintained his theory, and was gratified in the end, in making a convert of Uncle Sandy, who was considerably versed in such matters. Should a storm come on, and the dashing tide pile the abraded pebbles upon the beach, it was a perfect God-send for the little boy, who, as his fingers passed through the glittering sands, bethought him of the piles of gems in Aladdin's cavern, or of Sinbad's valley of diamonds.

Although frequently interrogated by the teamsters who came to load their wagons with sea-weed, as to his success in 'getting siller from the stanes,' he was never so fortunate as to be able to answer them affirmatively. In company with Uncle Sandy, who was skilful in catching crabs and lobsters, he took many lessons in the changing tides of the Frith of Cromarty. The tract of land laid bare at ebb, formed an admirable school-book for our young naturalist. To-day lingering amid the forest-covered Silurians, tomorrow ranging the lime-stone hills; at one moment vexing his *unco pate* with the thousand water-spiders which hold their revels on the surface of the pools, and anon chasing

'THE beautiful blue damsel fly
That fluttered round the jessamine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;'

now crawling along the rocky ledge to the hazard of his life, and then hemmed in by the rising tide, sleeping undisturbed within the

charmed precincts of the 'Doocot Cave:' these were Hugh's school-boy days.

But what rare times did he have when he went up to visit his uncle in the Highlands! Whether ranging the valley of the Gruids in search of its beautiful crystals of quartz, treading the grassy tomhans with an eye on the picturesque Loch Shin far below him, laboring to preserve the beautiful tower of Dunalscag from the barbarous hands of the iconoclasts, or in company with 'Cousin George,' settling the authorship of Ossian's poems, he was ever the same inquisitive lad, intent on knowing all that could be known, upon any subject coming within the range of his observation.

In consequence of disobedience of school-orders, he received a sound drubbing from his teacher, upon whom he revenged himself by writing a pasquinade on the following evening. This, inasmuch as it may be a novelty to most of my readers, I give entire. It was entitled

T H E P E D A G O G U E .

'WITH solemn mien and pious air,
S-k-r attends each call of grace;
Loud eloquence bedecks his prayer,
And formal sanctity his face:
All good: but turn the other side,
And see the smirking beau displayed;
The pompous strut, exalted air,
And all that marks the fop is there.

'In character we seldom see
Traits so diverse meet and agree;
Can the affected, mincing trip,
Exalted brow, and pride-pressed lip,
In strange, incongruous union meet,
With all that stamps the hypocrite?
We see they do; but let us scan
The secret springs which move the man.

'Though now he wields the knotty birch,
His better hope lies in the Church;
For this the sable robe he wears,
For this in pious guise appears.
But then the weak will cannot hide
The inherent vanity and pride;
And thus he acts the coxcomb's part,
As dearer to his poor vain heart;
Nature's born fop! a saint by art!

'But hold! he wears no fopling's dress;
Each seam, each thread the eye can trace,
His garb all o'er; the dye, though true,
Time-blanch'd, displays a fainter hue.
Dress forms the fopling's better part;
Reconcile this and prove your art.

' "Chill penury represses pride,"
A maxim by the wise denied;
For 'tis alone tame, plodding souls,
Whose spirits bend, when it controls;

Whose lives run on in one dull vein,
 Plain honesty their highest aim.
 With him, it merely can repress —
 Tailor o'er-cowed — the pomp of dress!
 His spirit unrepressed can soar
 High as e'er folly rose before;
 Can fly pale study, learned debate,
 And ape proud fashion's idle state;
 Yet falls in that engaging grace
 That lights the practised courtier's face.
 His weak affected air we mark,
 And smiling, view the would-be spark;
 Complete in every act and feature,
 An ill-bred, silly, awkward creature.'

But the school-days of Hugh Miller, like the school-days of all boys now grown to man's estate, passed away, not however, without their world of incident imprinting upon the mind those amaranthine pictures which are to grow more vivid through the countless ages of eternity. Time was preparing for him that world-wide school in which toil and care and hardship are the severe but noble teachers. In his sixteenth year, his mother, having lived a widow about eleven years, contracted a second marriage, and the boy found himself confronting a world of work, a life of labor and of toil. He relished not the prospect before him. Memory carried him back to the home of his Highland uncle. The long winter holidays of his cousin George, and their chances for mental improvement, decided him in the choice of his business for life. True, his uncles were urging him very strongly to devote himself to his education, promising, that although their means lay undeveloped in the wealth of brawny muscles, yet they would assist him through college. But how could he endure the idea! His companions who were preparing to enter college, had already fixed upon some profession which they would pursue after completing their scholastic course. But Hugh had neither wish nor fitness for the bench or scalpel, and as to the church, that was not to be dreamed of. His uncles, in common with the Scotch people generally, held that a minister should be called to his work, and it would be equivalent to sacrilege, in their eyes, should young Hugh obtrude himself with all his imperfections upon the sacred office. I would to Heaven that there were more men of this stamp, men who would cherish as faith inviolate, that true and worthy ministers cannot be manufactured out of men of ordinary capacity and character, and in a given number of months, through the agency of the schools, be passed to the community as spiritual advisers worthy of credence. Heartily do I wish that every man at the present day, would believe, and believing, would act upon the principle, that ministers worthy of the name, ministers fit to guide the thirsty way-farer o'er life's toilsome sands to

'SILOA's brook, that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God,'

are the real, only genuine and special creations of the grace of God.

Our young hero, solicitous that his life should be usefully employed, regardless of griping poverty and staring want, chose for his occupation in life the business of a stone-mason. Then could he with truth say: 'O noble, upright, self-denying toil! Who that knows thy solid worth and value, would be ashamed of thy hard hands, thy soiled vestments, and thy obscure tasks; thy humble cottage, thy hard couch, and homely fare? Save for thee and thy lessons, man in society would, every where, sink into a sad compound of the fiend and the wild beast, and this sin-stricken world be, as certainly a moral, as now a natural wilderness.' But little recked the youthful Hugh Miller of the dignity and excellence of labor, when, with a sad heart and gloomy forebodings, he bent his muscles to heave from their bed of ages the masses of rock in the quarries of sand-stone. Necessity nerved him to labor; and I may truly say, thank God for such necessities! Better that half our race should feel the griping hand of daily toil upon their shoulders, than that one such noble soul as Hugh Miller should corrode through idleness. Wholesome restraint confined him to his task, and an active mind made him an observer, not only of character, as it exhibits itself in various men, but also of the minerals among which he plied the mallet and chisel. Thus he became a geologist! His love for the beautiful and good in nature, was most manifestly fastened, when, with his noon-day meal before him, he sat down in a gorge of the quarry, his eye resting for the time, upon the numerous rippling currents that, in the calm of the high-land atmosphere, resembled streamlets winding through a meadow; at this moment, scanning the distant gray promontories tipped with villages that brightened in the sun-shine, and anon surveying, pale in the back-ground, the mighty hills, still streaked with snow, arising high over bay and headland, giving dignity, beauty, and grandeur to the scene. These were Hugh Miller's surroundings: how could he be other than an ardent admirer, and a truthful delineator of the beauties of nature? What else could have given him that power of description which an eminent writer is said to have coveted, even 'at the expense of his right arm'?

At the age of seventeen, he commenced that course of excessive physical toil, connected, too, with inordinate mental application, which, in process of time, darted sheet-lightning through his brain, and sent the warm blood thrilling to his manly heart. He became subject to frequent fits of somnambulism, which occasionally troubled him, as his mind and body were overtaxed, through all his after-life.

Amid the Liassic fossils of Scotland's eastern coast, did young Hugh pass the first season of his apprenticeship, and here was he made a genuine geologist. Though laboring with his hands, he was still studying, reading that great unwritten volume of nature under his hand, compared with which, the Alexandrian Library, with its tomes of wisdom, the accumulations of ages, was but a meagre collection.

But time fails me to speak of the various circumstances and changing fortunes which came over him. Fain would I speak of his sojournings amid the lovely scenery of 'Cannon-Side;' his ramblings and studies among its conglomerate deposits; his lingerings by the wild shores of Loch Maree; his investigations among the flora of Gairloch; his Sabbaths in 'Flowerdale;' but my daily duties leave me but little time for even the most common amenities of civilized society, much less to trace, in detail, the private character and daily actions of a man whose memory I revere, whose name I love.

Therefore, passing over many years, during which our young hero was not idle, we find him in the spring of 1824, quitting his native Invernesshire, seeking the tiled roofs of 'Auld Reekie,' drawn thither at once by the hope of employment and by long-cherished associations. But the building mania of 1824-5, not only provided him with abundant work, but also gave him an opportunity to pursue his geological investigations in a different quarter. It is needless to say that these chances were well improved. Excessive labor in the quarries, however, brought on a disease of the lungs, and for some months, it was thought his life would be a short one. Then came to him an intense love of life, rendered all the more burning from his consciousness that his eyes might soon close upon all things earthly forever. How deeply did he feel that, 'it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun!' It was during this period of his life, that he wrote some verses to his little sister, the eldest of his mother's children after her second marriage. On account of their beautiful simplicity, I here transcribe them:

'SISTER JEANIE, haste, we'll go
To where the white-strained gowans grow,
With the puddock-flower of gowden hue,
The snow-drop white, and the violet blue.

'Sister JEANIE, haste, we'll go
To where the blossomed lilacs grow,
Where the pine-tree, dark and high,
Is pointing its top to the cloudless sky.

JEANIE, many a merry lay
Is sung in the green woods far away;
Flits on light wing the dragon-flea,
And hums on the flower the big red bee.

'Down the burnie works its way,
Beneath the bending birchen spray,
And wimples round the green moss stone,
And mourns a wild and ceaseless moan.

'JEANIE, come: the days of play
With autumn-tide shall pass away:
Soon shall those scenes in darkness cast,
Be ravaged by the winter blast.

'Though to thee a spring shall rise,
And scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
And though, through many a cloudless day,
My winsome JEAN shall e'er be gay;

'She who grasps thy lily hand,
No longer at thy side shall stand,
Nor o'er thy flower-besprinkled brae,
Lead thee the longest, prettiest way.

'Dost thou see yon yard so green,
Specked with many a mossy stone?
A few short weeks of pain shall fly,
When sleeping there shall thy brother lie.

'Then thy mother's tears awhile
May chide thy joy, and damp thy smile;
But soon each grief shall wear away,
And I forgotten fore'er and aye.

'Do not think it makes me sad:
Life vexed me oft, this makes me glad:
When cold my heart, and closed my e'e,
Bonny 'll the dreams of my slumbers be.'

But passing incident after incident, over which I would fain linger, I must speak of one—no, not a dream in which he found one,

'Whose soft voice
Should be the sweetest music to his ear,
Awakening all the chords of harmony;
Whose eye should speak a language to his soul,
More eloquent than aught which Greece or Rome
Could boast of in its best and happiest days;
Whose smile should be his rich reward for toil,
Should calm the fever of his troubled thoughts,
And woo his spirit to those fields Elysian,
The Paradise which strong affection guards.'

His marriage was not a dream, but a happy reality, as the events of his subsequent life most plainly developed.

The first Thursday of April has been set apart from time immemorial, by the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, as a day of fast and thanksgiving; and it so happened, that the coronation of Queen Victoria was placed on the same day. This, of necessity, created a difficulty between those, who, on the one side, were anxious to uphold time-sanctioned usages of the Church, and those on the other, who were solicitous to show their loyalty to their new sovereign. This, with some other circumstances happening about this time, so operated upon the Scottish mind, as to make it necessary to establish an organ, whose duty it should be to uphold the interests of the Church, in opposition to the efforts of the 'Processionists.' Of this, the *Witness*, a semi-weekly journal, Hugh Miller, then not unknown, from his participation in ecclesiastical controversy, was appointed editor; a post which he filled up to the hour of his death.

But of this mournful event, how shall I speak? Alas! that the clutching gripe of inordinate, inexorable toil should snatch away our loved one; that envious fate should hurl him headlong from life, who was dealing such prostrating blows to the strongholds of ignorance; that a scion from the tree of life should be lopped off, when it had only begun to proffer the richest of fruit; that the brightest star in the galaxy of science, should be quenched in unending night; that Hugh Miller should die! But it is the common course of nature; we may not lament!

'T is ever thus — 't is ever thus,
 With all that's best below:
 The dearest, noblest, loveliest,
 Are always first to go:
 The bird that sings the sweetest,
 The vine that crowns the rock,
 The glory of the garden,
 The flower of the flock.

'T is ever thus — 't is ever thus
 With beings heavenly fair,
 Too finely formed to hide the brunt
 More earthly natures bear.
 A little while they dwell with us,
 Blest ministers of love,
 Then spread their wings we had not seen,
 And soar away above.'

It is now conceded that he died by his own hand; that in a moment of mental aberration, he committed suicide. Be it so: yet I feel happy in one blessed thought. Life is the peculiar interlinking of body and soul:

'How, no one knows,
 Nor can tell.'

When the couplings of these two dissimilar elements become disordered or disarranged, our actions take on an abnormal cast, and we are said to be insane. In the days of former years, I have known those who have endeared themselves to me by all gentleness, amiability, and loveliness; and shall I suspect for a moment, that their souls, their divine, imperishable part, the efflux from DERRY, shall decay, or be changed from their pristine beauty, merely because their temporary tabernacles may have been paralyzed by the 'thousand ills which flesh is heir to?' No, no; let the bonds which link our mortal to our immortal natures be sundered; let these clayey tenements fester 'within the pale of church-yard mould,' yet must I conceive the soul to exist in amaranthine beauty and loveliness; and capable, far away from the confines of earth, afar from this revolted province of God's celestial empire, of enjoying a degree of happiness commensurate with the power and goodness of the INVISIBLE. Thus, although we lament the sudden and untimely death of Hugh Miller, we 'mourn not as those without hope.'

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ROBERT PHELPS.

'T is night on the waters! the pale, cold moon
Looks down from her home on high,
And the 'Father of waters' rolls gloomily on,
Reflecting her image, so pale and wan,
That it seems to blend, as it glides along,
With the light of each starry eye.

'T is night! and all around is still;
The waters have sunk to rest;
Not a wavelet breaks, not the slightest thrill
That could ruffle the face of the gentlest rill,
Sweeps over their glassy breast.

'T is night! and the Beautiful reigns supreme
In an empire of silvery light,
And her throne is decked with many a beam,
Like the golden lights of a fairy dream,
From the twinkling orbs of night.

'T is a night for the heart, with its gentle sway,
When the feeling founts gushingly flow,
When the soul would rise from the world's decay,
And soar to the realms of a brighter day,
Where the heart-fires eternally glow:
'T is a night for thought in its wildest play;
But my wandering thoughts are far away,
And I would not recall them now.

For I'm thinking of thee, love! I'm thinking of thee,
And of days that are gone forever;
And I'm dreaming of days that are yet to be,
When two hearts shall be joined eternally,
In bonds that no power can sever.

The halcyon days of our childhood's prime
Come rushing before my view,
And the silvery bells of that holy time
Ring through my heart with a dreamy chime,
That blends its notes with the fairy rhyme
Of memory's dropping dew.

The mighty pendulum of years
Ticks slowly to-and-fro,
And its song the mournful burden bears
Of withered hopes, of buried fears,
Of transient bliss, forgotten tears,
And joys that have ceased to flow:

But each, note the strain to the heart endears,
For it leaps to the music of former years ;
To the strain that is borne to the listening ears
From the shores of 'Long Ago.'

Thus am I musing of days gone by,
Of the sweet, rose-tinted past ;
And I dream, as I dreamed in the days gone by,
Of a hope-star lit in a cloudless sky,
That should shine forever, both pure and high,
Till the weary hour of death draws nigh,
And its shadow is o'er me cast ;
Yet I know that my dreams are but vanity,
Too bright and too sweet to last.

Perhaps we never again may meet,
Till we meet in yonder heaven :
Yet even the dream is heavenly sweet
That paints the goal to the weary feet,
The rest for the spirit given :
That tells that the loved again may meet,
That the weary spirit once more may greet
Its kindred soul in some blest retreat,
Where its ties shall no more be riven.

Oh ! would thou wert with me, beauty mine !
To-night on this lonely river :
We would stand and gaze on the pearly shine,
Where the waters reflect each golden line,
Where the struggling moon-beams quiver ;
My inward musings should all be thine,
And our spirits should mingle in bliss divine,
And no tear-drop sear, with its scalding brine,
The hearts that are joined forever.

We would talk of the past, of its blissful hours,
When our souls were unfettered and free :
We would dream of the joys that may yet be ours,
We would build, for the future, immortal bowers,
And wreath them with garlands of fadeless flowers
From the gardens of memory.

But it may not be, it cannot be,
I must wander on alone :
And those love-lit features I may not see
For years that must circle heavily
Ere the promised goal be won.
But each night, from my bark on that lonely sea
Where struggling, weak humanity
Must launch its boat for eternity,
Ere its battling strife is done,
A prayer shall arise to Heaven for thee,
My beautiful ! my own !

And I know there is one who will breathe a prayer
From her heart of hearts for me,
And the willing breezes will softly bear
Its incense up through the calm night air,
Glad messengers they from a heart so fair
To the throne of its DEITY.

And I know thou art thinking, even now,
 Of the wanderer, beauty mine!
 I can feel thy breath on my burning brow,
 I can hear thy whisperings, soft and low,
 And a union sweet, and an inward flow,
 Such as only the loving and loved may know,
 Binds my soul to-night with thine.

Then fare thee well! I must journey on,
 How long, time alone can tell;
 Yet, forget me not till the days are gone
 That must roll away ere the battle be won:
 For I think of thee hourly, my life! my own!
 And the saddest grief that my heart has known
 Is to sigh this last farewell!

Alexandria, (La.)

Extracts from an Indian Journal:

PART SECOND.

THE BATTLE OF SABROAN.

PREFACE.

FIVE weeks have elapsed since the date of the last extract from this journal. During this period, the Ferozepore Brigade have remained encamped at that place, while the main army have taken up a position farther down the river, opposite to the Seik forces, now congregated in and around the village of Sabroan, where they (the Seiks) have, on British territory, constructed a strongly fortified camp, abutting upon the river Sutledge. No demonstration has been made by the British forces, owing to an insufficiency of artillery, both as to number of guns and weight of metal. The Seiks muster more than ninety thousand strong, with eighty pieces of cannon. The British heavy siege-train is expected up from Delhi daily.

Ferozepore, February first, 1846. — Orders have come for us to strike our tents, and join the rest of the army. The long expected siege-train it is supposed is now about to arrive.

Camp Nihalkee, February second. — Arrived here an hour since, after a dusty march of twenty-four miles. The gloom of Ferozepore is here happily contrasted: all is life and animation. Our troops amount to eighteen thousand men. The bustle and turmoil continually going on, together with the change of scene, will, I hope, counteract that gloomy depression under which I at present labor.

February third — There joined our regiment this morning this

morning, a welcome reinforcement of four officers, who on their road up country, had fallen in with Sir Harry Smith's division, and were engaged in the action of Ariwal on the eighteenth of January.

February fourth. — Not being on duty to-day, have had leisure to stroll round and examine our position. About one mile and a quarter of dusty glacis extends between the two camps. We have many advanced posts; most of which are vacated at sun-set. The Seik troops occupy both sides of the river, having, beside a ford, a well-constructed bridge of boats. The territory of the Punjaub looks quite as sterile a waste as our own. We have many captured Seik prisoners in the camp; two fresh ones were brought in just now. They are both Akalis, an independent sect of religious fanatics: tall, hirsute specimens of humanity, above the ordinary height of Europeans, literally armed *cap a pie*. One musket, three swords, two bows, and a whole *chevaux de frise* of dirks and pistols, formed part of the defensive equipment of each. On their heads they wore the high pointed leather caps, on which were strung, graduating up from a large size to a small, the sharp quoits, which they know how to use with such deadly effect. They were quickly stripped of all this gear, and were marching off under guard, when Colonel C — called them back, and placing in the hands of one of them a quoit, bade him throw it. The fellow at first refused; but upon being twitted by a native Soubidar as to his ability to do so, the desire to vindicate his prowess quickly overcame his determination: seizing the quoit in his right hand, and inserting the fore-finger as an axis on which to revolve it, he caused it to rotate rapidly over his head, looking round at the same time for an appropriate mark. Sixty yards off, on a small mound, stood Colonel C —'s favorite milch goat; another instant, and the quoit had quitted the Akali's finger, and the goat lay quivering in death, nearly decapitated; while, with a grin of malice at the dismayed C —, the Seik faced to the right-about, and marched off with his captors.

Four o'clock. — Have just read in the order-book the not very gratifying intelligence, that H. M. — Regiment will furnish the company for the Watch Tower to-morrow, which they will take possession of one hour before sun-rise, and vacate one hour after ditto. Regimental Memo. Lt. H. and company are detailed for the above duty. Pleasant look out, certainly.

February fifth, eight o'clock P.M. — Returned safe and sound. Turned out this morning at four o'clock. Inspected company, and with native guide made off in the dark for the Watch Tower. Half-an-hour's rapid march put us quietly in possession. It consisted of about an acre of ground, strongly entrenched, having in the centre a mud-tower of twenty feet in height, loop-holed and turreted. After placing the men under cover in the trenches, there was nothing to be done but wait in silence for day-light. The Seiks are evidently not very early risers; for it was seven o'clock before any signs of their being awake were manifested.

About four hundred yards intervened between the enemy's camp and our position. As the day advanced, the Seik independent soldiery, creeping up as near as they dared, kept up a constant fire at us; but with very little effect. It was near the middle of the day before the first casualty occurred; when Corporal Kelly, while stepping from the tower into the trenches, was shot through the back of the neck. Most of their shots, however, went over our heads; and I think, notwithstanding the sixty rounds of ammunition per man that we got rid of, no very particular damage was done to the enemy.

February sixth.—There dined with us at mess this evening, Prince Waldemar of Prussia, a cousin of the present king, who has been travelling through Asia, under the title of Count Ravensburgh. The Prince was present in the actions of December twenty-first and twenty-second, on the latter day of which, he unfortunately lost his private medical attendant. He is a good-looking man of thirty years of age, and wore the sky-blue uniform of a Prussian Colonel of dragoons, decorated with a profusion of orders. I can testify that he smokes the very best of 'weeds;' for he kept his large segar-case in constant circulation.

February ninth.—The siege-train has at last arrived; and tomorrow, it is whispered, will be an eventful day. *On dit*, that we are to take up a position in the dark, and at break of day commence a game of long bowls, previous to an assault.

Ferozepore, February twentieth.—In my tent. In bed. Not quite so fortunate this time. Feel, however, considerably easier, and more at repose in mind than have done for this month past. Notwithstanding this hole through the upper thigh, things might have been worse. In yonder tent, which I can now see from my open connaught, lies poor C——, without that useful member at all. But I must endeavor to detail, while the recollection is still so vividly impressed upon my mind, the transactions of the tenth. We mustered in deep silence as early as three o'clock A.M. on that day, and commenced our stealthy approach in darkness. Owing to the rotten nature of the soil, the heavy guns made but little noise in their transit, and considerably before day-light they were all in position. At the first glimmer of dawn, a thick mist settled over the plain and river, completely enveloping the enemy's position, and to a certain extent our own. The duty assigned *us*, was the protection of one of the heavy gun batteries: the men to lie down and avoid as much as possible the enemy's fire. It was long past the hour appointed, before the sun had sufficiently penetrated and cleared the atmosphere to enable us to open fire. Our guns were in the open plain without any protection, while our adversaries were behind well-constructed batteries, and their troops protected by redoubts, epaulments, and treble line of trenches. They were no doubt somewhat surprised to find us in such close propinquity; but showed no disinclination to commence this trial of artillery; and soon the earth vibrated with the thunder of a hundred and forty pieces of cannon. A brisk wind from the east carried off the smoke, forming in the west a seemingly solid, impenetrable,

whitened wall, extending from heaven to earth, and dividing the universe in twain. Though the principal object of the enemy seemed to be to silence and break up our guns yet they did not neglect *us*. Their round-shot came recoching over the glacis, sometimes skimming the earth in short jumps, right into our ranks; at others, with one gigantic bound passing clear over our heads, many hundreds of yards in the rear. I may make mention here, of the dire effect of a twenty-four pound shot — of the tremor of horror which it produced upon myself and all who beheld it. It came with one accurate leap, right into our ranks, at a spot where two privates were resting, one with his head upon another's chest: it was not the latter, who was killed outright, that caused this deadly, overwhelming sensation; but the former, who staggered to his feet, the whole lower part of his face gone, a ghastly spectacle. From under his eyes, all hung in shreds, while from his throat there came a gurgling sound, as of an unavailing effort to scream: the poor wretch, in this condition, supported by two men, passed through the whole battalion to the rear.

Two hours had now elapsed since the commencement of the cannonade, without any sensible diminution on the part of the Seiks; and it soon became evident, that it was quite visionary to expect to silence their guns or dislodge their troops, otherwise than at the point of the bayonet. The heavy guns limbered up, and we retired some five hundred yards to a slight eminence, where we remained as reserve, while the attack was commenced by Brigadier Stacy's Brigade, supported on either flank by light artillery. From our position in line, we could see them advance under a heavy fire, infantry and artillery aiding each other correlatively: the former marching steadily up, while the latter took up successive positions at a gallop, and by a constant shower of grape and canister, helped to keep the enemy from manning their ramparts. In breathless anxiety we beheld them approach the trenches, leaving the ground they passed over dotted with their dead and wounded. As yet, they have not fired a shot. They are close now. Can they do it? There is a waver along the line. They've done it! At first one, then two, then three, and now in tens and twenties, are seen the red-coats scaling the parapets and leaping down within. And now listen to that ceaseless rattle of musketry. An aid-de-camp rides up in hot haste: the reserve are to advance at the double. Five minutes more, and we are within, and opposed to a dense mass of the enemy's troops. Wild and excited, we rush on, and are soon engaged, hand to hand, in a struggle for dear life; but it does not last long: our flying-artillery have entered at the flank, and are pouring murderous volleys into their deeply serried ranks. Inch by inch, we drive them back: but, what is this numbing sensation in my right leg; what this faintness? Another minute, and I am reclining in one of the many trenches with which the camp is intersected. The tide of war passes on, and I am alone with the dead. For another hour, the cannon roar and the musketry rattle incessantly. Fighting off my faintness, I crawl out, and look toward the river. Great God!

what a sight ! A river of blood ! Hundreds, and hundreds of hundreds of the enemy are attempting to ford its swollen stream ; the bridge so completely blocked as to render passage across it impossible, while our horse-artillery are pouring in iron death, till even the river itself becomes too shallow to conceal their mangled bodies : but enough of blood. Eight o'clock found me where I now am, and where I am told I shall be for the next month. The British army crossed the Sutledge unopposed, within twenty-four hours after the battle of Sabroan, and are now encamped at Kus-sour, sixteen miles from this place, and thirty-two from Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub. Our loss has been two thousand three hundred and eighty-three, killed and wounded. That of the Seiks, though it can never be correctly ascertained, is estimated at twenty thousand, together with the whole of their artillery.

February twenty-third. — Yesterday, we hear, that the city of Lahore was formally taken possession of by the British authorities, peace announced, and the young Maharajah Dhuleep-Sing proclaimed king. The terms of the convention are : the payment to the British of one million five hundred thousand pounds, (seven million five hundred thousand dollars,) the cession of all the country to the east of Bals, and the total disbanding of the Khalsa army.

R. H. H.

A S H E S .

BY EDWARD BATES.

The fire is out upon the hearth,
The ashes, cold, all scattered lie ;
The room is cheerless to the eye,
Which was, last night, the scene of mirth.

A broken goblet on the floor,
The seats o'erturned, the curtain torn,
By the gray light of early morn
I see from out the open door.

I stand with folded arms and gaze
Upon the scene in mournful mood,
And think of all the wise and good
Who dwelt with us in other days.

The seats unfilled where once they sate,
The walks deserted where they trod :
They calmly lie beneath the sod,
Obedient to the hand of Fate.

Their presence gone, the ashes lie
Wide scattered round my throbbing heart ;
I saw them peacefully depart,
And now await my time to die.

J O N E S : A N D H I S S T O R Y .

DONE INTO RHYME BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

TEN years have passed, yet I recall
That early love of mine :
The stolen hours, their rapid flight ;
Her letters — how divine !
The jewels that I proffered her,
And which she grasped elated :
To every accent of her tongue
I listened, hoped, and waited.

The rarest books I sought for her,
And pictures, music, flowers ;
All gold could buy, I freely bought,
To cheer her lonely hours.
Oh ! how I loved to gaze upon
Her hair, so nicely plaited !
And when she sang a simple song,
I listened, hoped, and waited.

One morning in the early spring,
The sun was brightly shining,
We sat upon a mossy bank,
Or rather were reclining :
Her hand was gently clasped in mine,
While I my love related ;
She answered not, but gave a sigh :
I listened, hoped, and waited.

We parted there, my hopes were high :
Again we met as ever ;
How beauteous seemed the earth and sky !
How balmy seemed the weather !
Her face, her form, her mild blue eye,
Her hair so smoothly plaited :
For these I toiled and struggled on,
I listened, hoped, and waited.

But Time, the certain arbiter
Of all our hopes and fears,
That wrinkles e'en the smoothest brow,
With swiftly gliding years,
At last its lesson brought to me,
A lesson soon related :
My blue-eyed girl, the one for whom
I listened, hoped, and waited,

Had in a dark and stormy night,
Between 'the late and early,'
Evaporated — left her friends —
That girl I loved so dearly !
And thus my books and jewels rare,
That hair so nicely plaited,
Had gone — with every thing for which
I listened, hoped, and waited.

M O R A L.

All ye who try love's knotty skein
 With patience to unravel,
 Just learn from me that '*Jordan is*
A dusty road to travel.'
 Just keep your books and jewels rare,
 Until you're fairly mated,
 And keep in view the verdant youth
 Who listened, hoped, and waited.

G P R.

R A C H E L M O O R E .

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

RACHEL was fifty years old that day. The night was coming in with a wild November storm, and the dead leaves drifted across the windows, like the spectres that flitted across her soul. Ever since the day-break she had been pacing that little parlor, her arms rigidly folded across her breast, her head bowed low, and her thin, compressed lips relaxing to utter only in a tremulous whisper, 'Fifty years! fifty years!' or still more mournfully, 'Thirty years ago!'

What malady rankles so in the breast of Rachel Moore? Look up, Rachel. Fix your tearless eyes upon the portrait over the mantle, and let us see, if we can, what is welling up from your heart. You have not raised your eyes to that father's face to-day without smiling bitterly, and lifting up your brow, as if it wore a crown, while, with lips tightly closed, you walked heavily and thoughtfully away, unless you chanced to see in the dark corner that little miniature, and then your proud head dropped low again, 'Well! the day is gone — the night is here — and what a night!' thought Rachel, as she turned away from the portrait, and pressing her forehead to the pane, looked out upon the stormy darkness. There was no light in the heavens, not one. She sank down and buried her face in her hands.

Something was softening and breaking the crust of her heart. For thirty years no emotion had moistened those stony gray eyes; and now the tear which trickled down her cheek, startled her. Suddenly she raised her head, but dropped it again, for her eyes had wandered to the little miniature, and she felt the fond, melting gaze of her sainted mother.

And then she remembered that, once, a day could scarcely go by when she did not nestle upon that mother's breast, and shed more tears than had fallen from her eyes in thirty years, and that they

were kissed away, and soothing lullabies sung that sent her to her baby-bed to smile in dreams.

And then she remembered, and a sob came with the memory, the prayers she used to say for six sunny years at that mother's knee, and then for fourteen more in motherless loneliness. Those prayers were sweet to her, and the peace and joy they won filled her young heart with an unceasing fount of hope and faith. She never dreamed that her trust could falter. She measured herself, her wants and aims, by what her mother was, unconscious until too late, that the growing flood within her soul, once swollen to violence, could never be checked or staid, except by a sterner discipline. She trusted in God without thinking that ~~He~~ trusted in her, and she must not fail ~~Him~~. Thirty years ago, when the great flood came, oh! how easily it tore and swept every thing away, and would have overwhelmed her too, had she not fortified herself in pride and hate, found them to be the strongest sinews of her soul, and from the desolate height laughed out scorn to God and man.

But the draw-bridge is down to-night, and the angels are going in.

And then she remembered; and the long pent-up rivers gushed forth; the summer's morn, the sweet June morn, when they called her from her play at the brook-side to come in, for her mother was dying. She found her in her father's arms. Then, for the first time and the last, Rachel beheld him weep. And when she crept like a frightened dove to her mother's breast, she heard her whisper, as she softly laid her hand upon her flaxen curls: 'God keep and bring my darling to me.'

And now Rachel is on her knees—God help her!—will she pray? Can she? Thirty years ago she had advanced thus far, but now, as then, her lips freeze tight together ere she can say: 'Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive.*'

But a moment had she knelt, when suddenly her sobbing ceased, and she arose with a face calm and cold as marble. She was paler than before, and her eye had a fiercer brightness. She stood before the portrait of her father.

A timid rap at the door announced Lisette, the house-maid, with lights. Scarcely looking at her mistress, she nervously crossed the room to the solar lamp, but Rachel beckoned her to light the little one upon the mantel. As its dim, ghastly light flickered through the apartment, Lisette hurried from the room, and gave a sigh of relief as she closed the door behind her.

Rachel, with folded arms, still stood before the portrait. It was that of a man in the autumn of life, whose gigantic frame was plainly animated by a mind thoughtful, concentrative, and determined. The face was thin, and the cold, gray eyes caverned under heavy, over-hanging eyebrows. There was a smile upon the compressed lips, strikingly like the one Rachel wore whenever she studied it, cold, proud, and triumphant.

'I know what you would say,' she murmured, returning gaze

for gaze. 'You call me weak, and unworthy of your name. Were you living, and had you beheld me then upon my knees, you would have cursed me ere I should have said, 'as we forgive.' If I were like my mother' — she paused, her eyes moistened, 'with a breast full of tenderness, I might perhaps follow in her foot-steps. But your hot, restless heart, is athrob in my bosom; your passions, pride, hatred, and revenge. . . . You did not forgive. Ten years you nursed the demon in your heart, and when baffled in your murderous intent, ten years longer you watched and waited, and never relinquished your prey until he fell by your hand; and what cared you for the penalty?'

What unnerved Rachel then? Was it the screeching of the winds as they rushed across the heath, shaking the cottage, and swinging the maples and willows to lashing the roof? Or did the storm within affright her? Turning suddenly from the picture, she sank into the chair, murmuring: 'But to die as he did, how terrible!'

And then she wandered into the past again, back to one Easter morn, ten years after her great battle. She was alone, in a stranger land, and upon a bed of pain, where she had lain weary months. Her soul was sick of its bitterness, and yearned for comfort and refreshment. She believed herself at the brink of the grave. She looked back to the pleasant pastures and sweet waters from which she had so long wandered, and wished to return to them once more. But she must first *forgive*. Thirty years ago Rachel had a lover. It is an old story, and I will make it short. She loved him with all her strength. But Mary Leedson loved Guy Hermon too, and jealousy wrought her into a serpent of intrigue and deceit; and once when Rachel was long separated from him, she crept into his confidence, and whispered the tale so plausible and masked with truth, that it led him to send the missive to Rachel, written tenderly and carefully, he thought; but its breath of distrust snapped forever the tender ties between them. Her aroused and wounded pride would give him no answer. Mary interpreted her silence into a confirmation of her story, and brought forward other circumstances to corroborate her falsehood. Guy was reckless; Mary sympathizing and affectionate; he had none other to soothe and comfort him. She was archly winning, and played her part well. Scarce two months from the day he first listened to her lying whispers, she stood by his side at the altar, and was made his wife. But her harvest came in; she reaped what she had sown. Not a half-year after their bridal, he left her abruptly, and sailed for India.

Well, that outward ship went down, where, or how, no one ever knew, for not a soul was saved. And Rachel was dwelling alone in her solitary life when the tidings came: 'Guy is dead! drowned in the sea — your old lover, Guy Hermon.'

'Dead?' she murmured, without feeling or trembling; 'that is little now. He has been so to me for more than a year.' And

she kept on her journey through the desert without looking back. And then Rachel remembered — deep lost in the past was she — one bright Sunday morning in the earliest spring, when her troubled sleep was broken by the wrangling of the church bells. It was Easter, glorious, blessed Easter, and hallowed were the memories that thronged upon her, memories she could not stifle if she would. The joyous chimes ceased, and she heard the sweet voice of a little child as it burst out triumphantly from the garden beneath her open window :

‘CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.’

Poor Rachel’s heart went back to its childhood then, and throbbed as it did when she helped to swell that joyous hymn with her infant voice, under the dark arches of old St. Paul’s. Why might she not keep the feast that day? Was she not a child of the KING, a prodigal that would be welcomed, although seen coming from afar? She would go to her FATHER’s house that morning; she would confess herself a miserable sinner, and then, perhaps, she would be fitter to die. It was near the hour of service. She dressed as quickly as she could, forbidding any consideration of the step she was about to take.

When she found herself beneath the consecrated roof, surrounded by symbols a mother had taught her to love and understand, her heart was more oppressively weighed down with penitence and sorrow. She took the back-seat under the gallery, causing the poor old negro, who always occupied it alone, to stare with marvelling curiosity. She did not raise her heavy veil until the service was ended, and those who would partake of the Communion were invited to remain.

It was all like a dream to her. She was very calm; she wondered that she was so. She had not suffered herself to think of Mary Leedson. If she came to her remembrance, she drove her quickly out, and so vainly believed herself relieved of her bitterness. She was yet weak to contend with too much. She would soon be strong enough to master her feelings. She must cast herself upon her LORD the CHRIST.

Shrinking, yet ardently desiring, she approached the chancel. The long night of her soul seemed breaking, as she walked timidly down the aisle, too humble to look like Rachel Moore. ‘Come unto me all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you,’ were the blessed words she repeated to herself, when looking up. Ah! Rachel, how white you grow in your dreaming! — she saw Mary Leedson gazing full upon her. Rachel stopped short, proudly uplifted her head, gave Mary a bold look of terrible significance, then turning quickly about, left the altar and the church.

‘There, heart, when you prate so of softening, take that morsel to feed upon,’ said Rachel aloud. Then after a moment’s pause,

in which her face revealed the struggle within, she rose up suddenly, muttering, that such thoughts should torment her no longer. Thereupon she rang for Lissette, and ordered her to replenish the fire, and make tea as soon as possible.

II.

AND Rachel Moore went on her journey as before, and every year she passed was a long weary mile farther into the desert, where she found no water to quench her thirst, or covert to hide her from the wind. She saw the growing cloud that pursued her, the mighty sirocco of death that must soon overtake and overwhelm her.

Rachel Moore and tempestuous November days cannot be separated in my mind. It were hard to imagine her in the midst of a June sun-shine, unless I thought of her as a child, and it is almost difficult to believe that she ever was one.

It had rained all day, and at an early hour the sky was so overcast, Rachel's keen eyes could not see her stitching. There was a lullaby in the wailing of the storm, and the pouring of the water into the tanks in the cellar. Her work dropped, and her eye-lids too, and out she pushed into dream-land. And what did she see? Slumber seldom brought her beautiful visions, since the fairest dream of her life broke up in horror. She had never dreamed of Guy since then, until that day.

She was a light-hearted lassie again, and sat sewing and singing at her little bed-room window, in the old house at home. Guy rode up on his horse and asked her to go with him for a ride. He laughed his old merry laugh, pinched her cheeks and pulled her curls. Bare-headed she sprang into his saddle; he leaped on after her, and laughing and chatting they rode away. 'But where are we going?' she asked when he directed her to guide the horse into the dense wood. He laughed gayly, and drew her fondly to his breast—dear Guy, when awake how well she remembered that caress!—and on they went through the brambles and under brush, until they reached a thicket of dead trees. They pushed through the brittle crackling branches, and found there a desolate grave. On the broken and fallen head-stone she read:

Mary Harmon.

She turned to Guy, and was searching his sad, earnest eyes, when her dream was broken. Lissette had brought her a letter just left at the door.

Reluctant to let her dream escape, and thinking she could charm it back, she gave little heed to the letter, but closed her eyes again as soon as Lissette withdrew. All she cared to recall was the face and voice of Guy. Faintly the broken dream came back,

but only to bewitch and torment her, then fade away like the mist. Feeling vexed and cheated, she bade it begone altogether, and went to the window to read her letter.

The chirography was strange to her. She looked at the signature. It was the name she saw on the grave-stone! Her whole frame shook violently as she threw the missive across the room, and began to walk slowly and heavily through the apartment, grinding the discarded letter beneath her feet whenever it lay in her way. She rang for Lissette, and ere she answered her summons, seated herself, and took up her knitting. Her countenance was tranquil, and she spoke with mildness and composure.

'Pick up that letter, child. Who brought it here?'

Lissette had told her when she delivered it, but Rachel was then too absorbed to listen; so she repeated:

'The hotel-boy brought it, ma'am. He says you must send your answer there, and immediately, if at all.'

'Can you write, Lissette?'

'A little, but not so pretty as this,' and she gazed admiringly at the address upon the letter she held.

'Take that pen, Lissette, and draw a heavy line across the name on that envelope, and write the one there that I tell you to.'

Lissette reluctantly yielded to such a display of her poor penmanship. She drew the line across Rachel's name, and waited for the other to be given.

'Mrs. Mary Hermon,' dictated Rachel boldly and distinctly. A day or two after she discovered the stitches she dropped when she underwent the painful humiliation of speaking that name. She had never spoken it before; hardly thought it.

She bade Lissette hasten to the village hotel with the letter, and ask for the lady to whom it was addressed, and deliver it with the information, that her mistress, upon opening it and reading only the signature, had returned it, ignorant of its contents. She most expressly charged the wondering girl not to hold any farther conversation with the woman, or with any one else to whom her errand might introduce her. Tormented by the mystery she could not solve, Lissette set off briskly through the storm.

'There! that partially satisfied me!' muttered Rachel, with a cold, triumphant smile, when she heard the gate close to, after Lissette's departure. 'If I had but known before I broke the seal.'

Then she fell into deep, burdensome thought—conjectures as to what the letter was about; where Mary was, and her condition, with not a little vexation because of the broken seal.

She grew restless and excited; she could think of nothing but what she would not: something that wounded and distressed her. The dear face of her dream came vividly back; Guy's caress and whispers thrilled her. Why did not Lissette return? Anxiously she went toward the window. She stepped upon something that arrested her attention, something neatly folded in white silk paper. She hesitated before opening it, for she did not doubt

it fell from the letter then returned. Her pride could not baffle her curiosity then. Trembling she unfolded the paper, and a lock of brown wavy hair fluttered down on her lap. Uttering a frightened cry, she grasped the little tress, and pressed it passionately to her lips. It was Guy's hair; the very lock she clipped from his forehead more than thirty years before! — the precious lock she had half-raised to her frigid lips to kiss once more, the night she sent back, without a word, all the dear little keepsakes he had given her! She was cold and proud no longer: crushed Rachel Moore!

But what would Mary think of her returning the letter without it? What could the letter have been? Very glad was she to hear Lisette coming in. She hid the treasure in her bosom, and addressed her calmly regarding the result of her errand.

The flush on Lisette's cheeks was not wholly due to her fast walking. She drew the same letter from her pocket — Rachel's face brightened — saying, that the lady she saw, urged her to return it to her mistress, and beg her to read it, for the sake of poor Mrs. Hermon, who was lying very near her death.

'Near her death!' gasped Rachel, when alone: 'then what can she want of me?'

'If I were able to drag my feeble and wasted body before you, Rachel Moore, I would fall at your feet to beg the forgiveness I now so earnestly crave. Hear me, Rachel! and do not glare at this page, as you did at me, the last time we met. Ever since that Easter-day, your cold, proud face has haunted and tormented me.

'I am suffering most intensely. I write with the greatest difficulty. God in mercy will soothe this pain forever, soon. I am lying at the hotel, in this our native village. I can look through the window off on the hills, where we played together — Rachel Moore and I. I can see the little church, where we prayed and chanted side by side, and the spot where the old school-house stood. The white stones in the grave-yard look at me, through the willows, with beckoning faces. My home is a long journey from here; but I could not die, Rachel, without seeing you.

'I want to look up in your face, and tell you all — every thing: how I sinned, and wronged you; how wretched my life has been; how heavy the just retribution I received. Believe, Rachel, that Guy always loved you: I crept into his breast like a serpent, and he soon cast me out as such. God has forgiven me: can you?

'You will know the lock of hair I send you. I have the miniature you once wore: it is yours. When you have forgiven me, I shall dare to look once more upon the face I so wildly worshipped. It is many years since I last did so; for there is an accusation in the eyes I shudder to meet.

'Come, Rachel, and forgive me: hasten, for I would die in your arms. To-morrow morning, if my soul does not break free this night, the Rector is coming to administer the Holy Communion at

my bed-side. Come, Rachel, and partake with me of the heavenly feast.

‘Rachel, I pray that you will forgive me, and that to-morrow you will come. MARY HERMON.’

That was a long night of struggle and anguish to Rachel Moore. She did not go to her bed. Long before morning, the fire and the lamp burnt out, and she wrestled alone in the dark.

Early the next morning, she left the house, and proceeded toward the village, Lissette’s wondering eyes following her. She was going to see Mary Hermon : to say, ‘I forgive you,’ and — but she did not know, she dared not think what else she might do. Like a child, following where it is firmly but lovingly bade, she entered the hotel without hesitation, and ascended to the room where Mary Hermon was lying.

‘It is not too late now, Rachel,’ whispered something within, as she raised her hand to rap at the door, ‘for you to climb to your cold, high pinnacle again, and she need never know you deserted it. You can rightfully demand the little miniature she stole from you, and smite her guilty heart with your unrelenting reserve. How meekly you are standing at Mary Leedson’s door!’

Coldly, and without bending her stately figure, she gave her name to the sad-faced woman who opened the door. She silently motioned for her to enter.

Mary Hermon did not know she had come, nor did the Rector, who was praying for peace for the departing soul. Rachel stood silent and motionless, her gaze fixed upon the wasted face before her, trying to find among those thin white hairs, or in those sunken and dim eyes, a gleam of what Mary Leedson used to be. Rachel well knew that she herself was old. That very morning, when she smoothed her silvered locks, she laid Guy’s brown tress upon them, and shuddered at the change there had been. It was one thing to hate Mary in the full pride of her womanly loveliness, and so she always remembered and deemed her; and another, to have aught but loving sorrow and pity for so wretched a creature.

Trembling, Rachel moved toward the bed. The sun-shine, bursting suddenly through the clouds, flooded the room with a heavenly radiance. She sank down by the bed-side, and buried her face in Mary’s pillow. The joyful exclamation that followed, interrupted the prayer, and they were left alone.

Rachel was on her knees : proud Rachel Moore, who had held in a stony heart so long the oft-repeated vow, never to forgive, or even breathe the hated name of the woman at whose side she was kneeling, and whose hand she was clasping ; while her tears fell like rain, and she could not speak. Mary broke the silence.

‘Rachie ! Rachie ! look up. Do you forgive me ? Can you ?’

‘Yes, Mary ! yes ! God be merciful to us both !’

‘Now I am willing to go,’ said she ; and the shade of pain faded from her face, and the sweet smile came, that made her look so happy when she lay in her coffin.

They said no more: not a word about Guy or the past. The pastor came in again, and Rachel sat upon the bed, and took Mary in her arms. It was sweet to feel the brown tress in her bosom, and that aching head resting against it.

Shrinking and trembling, she received the holy bread and wine; and it was when her lips were faltering the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' that the thin hand she held grew colder, the tired lids meekly dropped, and the weary one floated calmly out upon the ocean of rest.

And that is Mary's grave, in the church-yard corner in the shadow of the wall, where the climbing roses are so thick. At its head is a low brown stone, and only 'MARY' cut upon it. For two years after she was laid there, the grass above her was neatly trimmed, the violet clump carefully weeded; and every Sunday, as long as flowers lasted, a wreath or bouquet was placed upon the grave. But since Rachel Moore was laid in the unmarked and grass-covered bed at her side, it has been neglected and forgotten; and now the rank weeds cover them both.

A little miniature, so faded no one could tell whose it was, and a lock of brown wavy hair, was found on Rachel's bosom by those who dressed her for the grave. They were not removed; and many were the conjectures gossips made, until one old lady, who had been a lassie with Rachel, said they must be Guy Hermon's; for she could remember something about their loving each other, years and years ago.

Rochester, (N.Y.)

THE RECONCILIATION.

NOT IMAGINARY.

I HAD a foe, or deemed him such:
 A trifle severed Friendship's tie;
 We once esteemed each other much,
 Then coldly passed each other by.
 With rapid wing TIME fled along,
 We mingled 'mid Ambition's strife;
 Meanwhile our stubborn hatred strong
 Seemed destined but to end with life.

Reverses came, and DEATH pursued,
 I sat in grief beside the dead;
 My spirits bowed, my heart subdued,
 And all my brighter visions fled.
 Lo! one before me stood; I scanned
 His face, amazed! and speechless then,
 He wept! I grasped his trembling hand,
 We mingled Friendship's tears again.

O. J.

'MY TWO HOUSES OF PARLIMENT.'

IN SESSION,

BY J. W. WALL.

Who that has ever pondered over that pompous sentence of Blackstone, asserting that 'the nobility are the pillars reared from among the people, more immediately to support the throne, and if that falls, they must be buried under its ruins,' but has felt a strong desire to view with his own eyes those important props of English royalty assembled in their own chamber? The munificence and pride of the nation, as I have shown in a former communication, *do* furnish a fitting place for the deliberations of that important body — the House of Lords. The architect has embodied in the magnificent adornments, heraldic blazonry, and lofty state of this proud chamber, all that the English imagination considers the proper tribute that Art should render to so much hereditary grandeur. While the Commons vouchsafed to the architect a loose rein to his fancy, in decorating the legislative hall of these pillars of the state; with true Spartan simplicity, they refused the glare and glitter with which he was disposed to ornament the chamber in which they were to assemble. Nothing, therefore, can be in more striking contrast, than the stern simplicity of the House of Commons, and the magnificent gorgeousness of the Lords; reminding one of Oriental magnificence, by recalling the splendor of the Moorish Alhambra.

I must confess to a great feeling of disappointment at first seeing the House of Lords in session. In no respect did it compare with our Senate, as I remember it in the last days of its intellectual glory; and I am not certain whether, in the personal appearance of the members, it would compare with it now, in its lamentable decline, however far surpassing it intellectually. If I had ever formed any very exalted opinion of 'a live lord,' it was quickly dissipated, upon looking in upon this assemblage of the English aristocracy for the first time. In running my eye over the crowd, it was with difficulty I could single out more than three or four, strikingly remarkable for an appearance of intellectual and physical vigor. It is very different in the Commons, where one is struck with the fine physique, and intellectual appearance of most of the members. There is the mark of true physical and mental vigor in the Commons, which you look for in vain as a characteristic of the Lords.

Of the Bench of Bishops, the only one that looked the baron, was the celebrated Bishop of Oxford — '*slippery Sam*,' as his enemies nick-name him, on account of the adroitness he on all occasions manifests, and in nothing more than in retaining the eccle-

siastical position, while keeping just this side of Rome. One or two of his brothers have gone entirely over. It is said by those who profess to know, that the Bishop himself has a strong hankering for the gauds of the Scarlet Woman, who now displays her enchantments, and asserts her empire upon the old imperial hills. He is the son of the meek and evangelical Wilberforce, the philanthropist and Christian statesman. Surely it is passing strange, with such antecedents, and reared in so moderate a school, that all the sons should have been the very antipodes of the father in the form and fashion of their belief; that father who would have evangelized the Church of England almost to the simplicity of the faith and forms of worship belonging to the dissenter. But let the Bishop's ecclesiastical proclivities be what they may, I believe no one ever pretends to question the sincerity of his piety, or the perfect blamelessness of his official career. As was said of Bishop Jeremy Taylor by his admirers, so may it be said of the Bishop of Oxford: 'He has the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the wisdom of a counsellor, and the piety of a saint; while we verily believe that he has parts and endowments enough, which if parcelled out among the clergy, would make the most learned diocese in the world.' But aside from his standing in the Church, in the House of Lords he is physically and intellectually an ornament to his order—looking more the peer than any of the temporal nobles round him, with 'the blood of all the Howards in their veins. The rest of the English hierarchy, at least those I was permitted to see upon the Bench of Bishops, cut rather a sorry figure; and some of their outside adornments had a somewhat dingy, rumpled look, with none of 'the unsullied purity of the lawn,' belonging to 'that right reverend Bench,' before whom the indignant Chatham made his eloquent appeal. Many of those I did see upon the Bench of Bishops physically reminded me very much of that band of old women in red, the cardinals, who on state occasions totter on after Pope Pius up 'the long-drawn aisle' of Saint Peter's.

The lords spiritual of the House are the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, with delegates from the Protestant Church of Ireland. Strictly speaking, their rank is much more limited than that of the lords temporal; for although they take precedence as temporal barons, yet they do it rather by a fiction of law than by any thing approaching to reality. A temporal peer is understood to occupy his seat in the House in consequence of his hereditary right, and with power to leave his dignity to his heirs. Whereas an archbishop or bishop officially has neither ancestor or heir. They occupy their seats simply as the representatives of the clergy, and although they may take part in all the legislative and judicial functions of the temporal peers, their true and natural function is watching over that body whose interests are strictly in their keeping, and theirs alone.

We turn from the Bench of Bishops in their lawn sleeves, to the Chancellor, the presiding officer of the House, who sits there, with his capacious wig, and the lower part of his body half-buried in

the wool sack, looking for all the world like a Brahmin at his devotions. This office of Lord Chancellor is surely no sinecure, and the duties are infinitely more onerous now, than those which this officer was called upon to perform a few years ago. The great question of law reform, embracing as it does so many particular topics, has now become in England the popular cry of administrations, and public men rest their claims to the support of the country at large upon their merits, as sound, efficient, and practical law reformers.

In former times, and in fact up to a very recent period, the Lord Chancellor is said to have been so much over-worked, as a judge and minister of state, that he could hardly pay that attention to the great question of Law Reform which the position he occupied at the head of the profession demanded. The Court of Appeal in Chancery has therefore recently been established, which relieves him in a measure from some of his duties as Chancellor; but it only gives him time and opportunity to attend to others. It is wonderful how this officer can in any way satisfactorily discharge the demands made continually on his time. He not only has to attend the Lords as its presiding officer, and a judge when sitting as a court of the last resort, but in addition to all these duties, has to act as minister of state, to attend cabinet councils, to preside in the Judiciary Committee of the Privy Council, to regulate the magistracy of the county, to bestow livings, (an incident of office which he holds as keeper of the royal conscience,) and to give such passing attention as these exactions on his time will permit to the framing of Acts of Parliament affecting the legal institutions of the country. With such multifarious and various duties, no man of moderate intellectual calibre and industry could hold the position a single week without manifesting his incapacity. The first minds of the kingdom are alone equal to such an herculean task, such minds as those of Hardwicke, Eldon, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, and Cranworth.

Lord Cranworth, who at this time was Lord Chancellor, appeared to me to be a man close upon seventy, and bears the mark of severe mental labor upon his wrinkled brow. He of course filled some of the most important and responsible offices, before his elevation to the wool sack. Having elevated himself to his present exalted position by ability and honest industry, he has rivalled his great predecessors, most of whom, like himself, sprang from the ranks of the people, by the soundness of his judicial opinions, and the variety and extent of his law learning.

Close by the wool-sack, a position often caricatured by *Punch*, was sitting, or rather I might say was crouching, Henry Lord Brougham, a peer not by right of inheritance, but by right of intellect. The resources of this man are truly wonderful; and one might well imagine that he had realized the ancient Scythian fable, 'killing the foremost man in every department of science, and possessing himself of all their intellectual strength.' But the Brougham of to-day, whatever his intellectuality, has nothing certainly to boast of, either in his physique or the expression of his countenance. No one looking at that low, wrinkled brow, that

shocking turned-up nose, with a squareness of nostril which even *Punch* has hardly caricatured, or the expressionless mouth, would ever single him out as remarkable for any thing among the common herd of men. And yet there he crouches by the woolsack of my Lord Chancellor, world-renowned as jurist, philosopher, orator, statesman, and in the exact sciences a perfect walking encyclopædia. The advance of years, and some political disappointments, are said to have made him somewhat cynical and peevish. His style of speaking, both in manner and matter, recalled to my mind Colonel Benton, as I remembered him in the Senate during the winter of 1838. He resembles him too in his egotism and irritability.

That rather feeble-looking, plainly-dressed man, leaning over to speak to the Bishop of Oxford, is 'the classic Thane, the Athenian Aberdeen' of Byron's verse: at the time I saw him, the nominal Premier, the confidant of his royal mistress, the 'Iron Duke' having gone to lie down,

With his martial cloak around him,'

beneath the sounding pavement of Saint Paul's. Aberdeen is no orator, but honest and patriotic; none more cautious as a politician, and none more distinguished by inflexible integrity and strong common-sense. Noble as he is, he does not look the peer, and yet blood pure from the Norman Conquest courses in his veins. He is a direct descendant of those Gordons, who in the Great Rebellion, stood up so bravely for the King, and suffered so severely in the after-persecutions. In more modern times, these Gordons seem to have mellowed down from the principles of their ancestors sufficiently to become good friends to the revolutionary settlement, and even so far conformed to the temper of the times, that they were induced to abandon the Episcopal form of worship, for which old Gordon of Faddo died, joining the Presbyterian Church, of which the present Earl is a conscientious member; being the first Prime Minister of England since the Revolution, that did not belong to the Episcopal Church. It was Aberdeen who persuaded Murat to forsake his old master, and won him over to the side of the allies. Aberdeen may be said to belong to that class of statesmen in England, who have ever opposed the principle of interference with the affairs of foreign states, either on the continent or elsewhere. This principle he understands very differently from Lord Palmerston. By the latter, non-intervention is interpreted to mean simply abstinence from taking up arms on behalf of any one of the contending parties; but this is not to prevent interference by advice, encouragement in secret, and in every possible way short of warlike assistance. By the former, as far as I can understand his policy from his public speeches, it means exactly what the words convey — an absolute neutrality between both contending parties. In person, this distinguished statesman is rather above the middle size, of a spare figure, and equally sedate in garb and bearing. His style of speaking has no pretensions to grace, and is heavy from its studied formality, while his tones are somewhat monotonous. I believe as a statesman he has always proved

a soundly-judging, truthful, and reliable man, and his dispassionate, cool head, always learning, always observing, is, after forty years of watching and working, full of wisdom, which, in his case, I take to be, the remembrance of the results of observation. Englishmen tell you he wants 'parliamentary knack,' which often passes for cleverness; and his lack of it is owing to the fact, that he was never in the House of Commons.

While studying the features of Aberdeen, and trying to remember the principal points of his history, I was startled by the tones of a voice broad with the most unmistakable Scotch accent, and turning my eyes to the opposite side of the chamber, found that it proceeded from a light-haired, youthful peer, who, I learned, was no less a personage than the Duke of Argyle. He is one of the youngest members, and, for his years, among the ablest. He comes from that numerous clan of Campbells, whose history is intimately bound up with that of Scotland, and occupies almost as large a national space as that of Douglas. Although he has shown himself a skilful debater upon many subjects, his chief power, it is admitted, lies in polemical discussions. When the Papal aggressions assumed such an alarming position, in 1851, the youthful Duke participated in the discussions growing out of the measures that were brought forward to meet the crisis. Indeed, some of the movements of the Protestant side appear to have been as distasteful to him as those of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman. When, for instance, the Bishop of Oxford summoned his clergy, and laid before them a protest against Papal usurpations, but couched in a style which savored rather of the pretensions of a rival Pope than a Protestant prelate, the Duke published a very severe letter, addressed to him, rebuking the arrogance of his assumptions, and pointing out the inconsistency of his pretensions, when brought in conflict with the true historical position of the Church. The Duke is said also to have achieved quite a reputation in the scientific world, having devoted a large portion of his time to the study of geology, with considerable success. His style of speaking is good, and his fluency remarkable, when contrasted with the impeded utterance of most of his brother peers. The only thing that marred the efficacy of his speech, appeared to me to be a rather broad Scotch accent, which gave a harshness to the tones of his voice. Lord Stanley, the eldest son of Lord Derby, followed in a very passionate speech. He is a young man, who has had initiative training in the lower House; and such a training as he had there, has given him experience, and coolness in debate, which were very marked in his manner and style. His voice, however, is shocking: *Punch* once said of him, 'that he was a Demosthenes who kept the pebbles in his mouth;' and it is a very good description of a voice which grates most harshly upon the ear. As he speaks, he moves his head very awkwardly from side to side, which makes a most ludicrous appearance. But notwithstanding all these defects, he appears to be a very effective debater. The worth of what he says, is more in the matter than in the manner. I was disappointed in not seeing Lords Lyndhurst and Derby, who were not

in the chamber on the evening of my visit; more especially Lord Lyndhurst, whose descent from the American painter, Copley, makes him more interesting to our eyes, independent of that masterly intellect which has enabled him to triumph over all the disadvantages of birth and fortune, and reach the highest elevation known to a subject.

But let us leave the House of Lords and look in upon the House of Commons. It is past the noon of night, and all the stir and turmoil of mighty London is hushed to rest, but the heart — the Senate — is pumping away the sustaining blood of the nation in this far corner on the Thames. Looking down from our place in the stranger's gallery, and seated alongside of our friend B —, himself a member of the House, we are indebted to him for the ability to single out the notabilities. That gentlemanly individual, of rather youthful appearance, who has just taken his place to the right of the speaker on the front bench, is the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, at the time we saw him, Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons. Presently he lifts his hat somewhat from his brow, and enters into conversation with a thin, small-faced man on his left, who bears a marvellous resemblance to the Hon. Robert J. Walker, once Secretary of the Treasury. This is no less a person than Lord John Russell. Of all men in the House, I wanted to see and hear this great Commoner, this energetic leader who distinguished himself in all the Parliamentary struggles which have been fought and won in the great cause of Reform. His strong democratic tendencies he comes fairly by, they having descended to him through the long line of an ancient House, which I believe can trace its lineage uninterruptedly to the reign of the seventh Henry. The House of Bedford for centuries has been distinguished for its strong popular proclivities, and boasts at least one ancestor, the celebrated William Lord Russell, whose blood was poured out upon the scaffold in the cause of the people, and whose death undoubtedly did much to pave the way for the great Revolution of 1688. His nobility comes to him, to use those stirring lines of Moore, addressed to the young statesman, when ill-health made him think seriously of withdrawing from public life altogether:

‘STAMPED with the seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set,
With the blood of thy race offered up for the weal
Of a nation that swears by *that* martyrdom yet.’

With all these surroundings, it was with a deep interest I gazed upon this statesman,

‘With his genius, his power and name,
Who, born of a RUSSELL, whose instinct to run
The accustomed career of his sires, is the same
As the eaglet's to soar with his eyes on the sun.’

I must confess, however, to a feeling of great disappointment, when he rose to speak. Upon his feet he appeared rather a pocket edition of humanity, of that stature which always detracts from

one's ideas of greatness. There was no grace, and apparently no attempt at it. He held a preposterously large hat for such a head, in one hand, while the other was buried deep in his breeches-pocket. As he commenced, what peculiarly struck me was the pitch of his voice, being in its tiniest, that is to say, its highest key, while all his phrases were broadened, as if for effect, and the impression made upon an unpractised ear, was shocking. And yet, as he warmed with his subject, and his sentences flowed from him more fluently and copiously, you found yourself, in spite of his manner and pronunciation, becoming interested. His speech was frigid and didactic, but so plain and simple in its statements, that you felt as if you could not lose a sentence. No flights of fancy, no illustrations, but as bald and barren of ornament as a lawyer's state of the case. An American, used to the fervent florid style of home-speaking, at first cannot understand how so cold and formal a speaker could ever become a leader; but yet as his speech advances, you find where the power of the man is to be found: it is in the clear and lucid statement of his case; the ignoring of every thing that does not bear directly upon the issue. His speech in this regard was crystal-clear. It was during this speech I first heard the English legislative mode of approval, the cry of hear! hear! The thing is done by reiterating the word hear! until all sense and power of hearing are gone. It begins with a distinct but faltering hear! hear! but soon the syllables roll and jostle each other like the emptying of small stones out of a cart, or the chafe of pebbles on the sea-shore rattling after a returning billow. Immediately on Lord John taking his seat, D'Israeli rose to reply. He stood directly facing Gladstone, and his speech was evidently aimed at the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, ignoring Lord John Russell altogether. D'Israeli has considerable of the Jewish physiognomy, but none of that remarkable beauty which the earlier portraits of him give you reason to expect. He has a haggard, way-worn look, and when his features are at rest, I think any one would say he was an exceedingly homely man. It is a face which one sees repeated in the Jews' quarter in London every day. His first speech in the House is said to have been a failure; the House snubbed him; but the yelling laughter that greeted him made him what he is, as they say it gave him so much to obliterate. He muttered, as his voice was drowned in the yells: 'The time shall come when you *will* hear me!' And that time *has* come; nor had it *gone*, for the House was as silent as the grave when he rose, and every member seemed anxious to catch each word as it fell. He began very distinctly, but very quietly. He had not intended to speak that evening, but there were reasons why he should. He had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it would be disrespectful to his sovereign, and indicate a lack of patriotic zeal, if he did not offer a few observations. After a few generalities like the above, the House was invited to retrace its steps through the history of the last few months. The origin of the war was then rapidly given, intermingled with stinging

inuendoes and sarcastic comments upon the state of the Budget, and the grievous miscalculations and errors into which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had fallen. He, Gladstone, had endeavored to capitalize a little popularity by pandering to party corruptions; and so he went on, calm and dispassionate at times, when making some financial statement, at others gesticulating with considerable violence, and uttering the most scathing and severe rebukes against the administration party. D'Israeli was originally a liberal in his politics, but he deserted Hume and O'Connell some twenty years ago, and instantly proceeded to make an attack upon his former colleagues. Mr. O'Connell replied in his characteristic style, and after charging his assailant with charlatanism, apostacy, and ingratitude, wound up his vengeful diatribe by a sarcasm, which went straight like a poisoned arrow to the mark. 'I cannot,' said the Irish orator, divest my mind of the belief, that if this fellow's genealogy could be traced, it would be found that he was the lineal descendant and true heir at law of the impenitent thief, who atoned for his crimes upon the cross.' But in the position he has attained, and the lasting reputation that he has acquired, he has taken a sweet revenge on all who

'Spat upon his Jewish gaberdine.'

Gladstone rose to reply to D'Israeli, and after some preparatory sentences, most admirably calculated for winning and arresting attention, he commenced a defence of the Budget, in a clear, calm, practical, and common-sense speech. Seizing upon the strong points of D'Israeli, he refuted them one by one, and at intervals dealt him some tremendous blows with great success, if applause was any evidence. Gladstone is candid, argumentative, dignified, and deferential. His knowledge of the minutest point of detail was marvellously elaborate; and yet he appears to have the faculty of not letting his hearers sink among details, but at intervals relieves the tedium of the debate, with eloquent passages that have the ring of the true metal about them. His speech was a sort of Secretary of the Treasury's Report, ornamented with classical allusions, and interspersed with passages of genuine eloquence.

The speaking of the House of Commons differs from that of our parliamentary bodies in this, that it is much more practical, business-like, and to the purpose. There seems no effort at display, and there is none. In the Commons, as a general thing, the speakers conduct themselves with the utmost propriety, and their speaking has a business-like air. No man, I should think, could ever make the House of Commons a platform for his own glorification. A man who does not work there, soon finds his level. A man who, as our Congressmen do, talks for and to the galleries, would insult the self-love of the House of Commons, and be snubbed incontinently. To an American, this business-like air, this come-to-the-point style of legislation, is strikingly in contrast with the hurrying, ramble-scramble style with which every thing is done in the legislative halls of his own country.

T H E P A R T I N G .

Side by side, we sat together,
As oft in days gone by;
But now our hearts were distant
As earth is from the sky:
A shadow had come o'er us,
Which darkened all the room,
And filled our eyes with sorrow,
And filled our hearts with gloom.

Within that icy shadow
We sat as if congealed,
Though heart and brain were throbbing
With thoughts no speech revealed.
Each knew the secret pang
Which gave the other pain:
Ah! one had never loved,
And the other loved in vain.

Awhile we sat in silence,
Sorrowful and chill:
I knew that I must leave her,
And yet I lingered still;
Like some forlorn miser,
Who hath lost his wealth and mind,
And lingers, vainly seeking
What he shall never find.

Then with a sudden start,
The impulse of despair,
I arose to brave my fate,
And go — I cared not where:
I took her hand in mine,
'T was cold as a dead hand;
No pressure now — no clasp,
Which the heart might understand.

I looked into her eyes,
And she looked into mine,
But hers were like the stars
Which warm not as they shine:
I said to her, 'Good night!'
She said 'Good night' to me;
So we parted, sadly parted —
Coldly parted, I and she.

When I left her father's house,
And passed with rapid feet,
My foot-steps echoed sadly
Through the empty street:
I felt like one who grieveth,
By some deep sorrow moved;
As a mourner when he leaveth
The grave of one he loved.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the April Quarter of 1858: pp. 295. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

WE sometimes have the thought 'borne in upon our minds,' (as our brothers the FRIENDS say,) in relation to this fact: are we sufficiently aware, here in our country — do we properly appreciate — the media through which the intellectual records of our day and our generation are preserved for those who are to succeed us? We think that we do not:

'CLXXIX'

is the number inscribed upon the '*North-American Review*,' now before us. Think how often this work, 'still high advanced,' has been sought for in public and private libraries, for the choice works, the keen dissection, the sedate comment of the first minds of our once young but now grown and (without figure of speech) 'mighty empire!'

It is for this reason — and surely for years our readers must have had occasion to remark the fact — that we never lose an opportunity of expressing our good wishes for the '*North-American Review*,' as the oldest representative of all the really critical organs of our country. Here, we think we may say, without a doubt, have appeared the best, the most reliable, the most succinctly and gracefully-written critical papers in *our* language: by which we do not mean, as a cynical English reviewer once said, the '*American* language, as contradistinguished from the *English*.' Thus much we have thought it proper to say, to palliate, if not to justify, the uniform tone of commendation in which we invariably indulge, in adverting to our only long-lived, self-sustaining, country-honoring and country-honored QUARTERLY. But let us refer to the number before us.

The 'Papers' proper, with eleven brief 'Critical Notices,' constitute the contents of the present number. We shall state them mainly in order: 'PALGRAVE's History of Normandy and England:' WASHINGTON IRVING's *Life of WASHINGTON*: MICHAUX's '*North-American Sylva*:' SMUCKER's '*Life and Times of ALEXANDER HAMILTON*:' 'Influence of English Literature upon French Literature:' 'The Brahmin's Doctrine of a Future Life:' DUEB's '*Constitutional Jurisprudence*:' 'The Rebellion in India:' 'The Classic

Mythology and Christianity:' 'Recent Researches in Africa:' embracing 'running reviews' of no less than ten different works upon general, or at least cognate themes, (p'int's o' compass and distances excepted:) and then the 'batch' of less-carefully-considered 'Critical Notices.' We profess not to have read all the articles in the present number of the '*North-American*:' and even of such as we *have* found leisure and occasion to read, we find that we can say but little that will be likely to interest our readers: but we *can* interest them, by permitting the able reviewers to speak for themselves: as witness the following, from a notice of IRVING's '*Life of WASHINGTON*.' We cannot omit a sentence of the following, so truthful and well-expressed, as every intelligent and tasteful reader must admit it to be:

'MR. IRVING has taken advantage of every opportunity to introduce appropriate details; seasoning his narrative with characteristic anecdotes, which give a pleasant relief to the general gravity of the subject, and serve to bring out those familiar traits, without which our knowledge of a man is always indefinite and unsatisfactory. But he has displayed superior discretion in the choice of them, accepting nothing which was not trustworthy, and rejecting those idle stories which float loosely in the wake of every great man, without any competent witness to vouch for their authenticity.

'It may seem superfluous to speak of Mr. IRVING's style; but it is so refreshing to meet with a work written in such good taste, and with so graceful an adherence to the pure traditions of our language, that we cannot resist the temptation of dwelling for a moment upon the grateful theme. Every age has a conventional style of its own, arising from circumstances peculiar to itself, and reflecting, with more or less fidelity, its own characteristics. So long as the influences under which it grew up retain their power, it continues to hold its place as the popular standard. But no sooner do they cease to act, than it begins to lose its distinctive features and gradually to assume those of another period. Still there is an element in it which resists this constant tendency to change, and preserves itself with more or less purity through the entire series of transformations. This element is the genius of the language, a lithe and delicate spirit, assuming with miraculous flexibility a strange variety of forms, bending to the strong will, humoring the playful caprice, diffusing itself with subtle expansion throughout the whole body of literature, and giving to the infinite creations of mind the form and lineaments of national unity. Thus, while there is much in which the writers of different ages differ, there is something in which they agree; and this point of agreement furnishes one of the tests by which individual style should be judged.

'Some hold the great writers of their language in such veneration, that they hardly venture to use a phrase which has not received their sanction, and never seem to feel sure of themselves unless when treading in their foot-steps. Others, tempering their reverence for the past by a cheerful recognition of the changes which the progress of society and the rise of new arts and inventions introduce into the forms of speech, readily admit whatever may be necessary for the adequate expression of thought. A third class seem to throw themselves recklessly into the current, with an utter disregard of all the old land-marks and cherished associations of their fathers, confounding innovation with progress, and novelty with reform, too proud of the age they live in to remember how much it owes to the ages that went before, and filling their pages so lavishly with new infusions of form and diction, as to make it difficult to recognize in the unnatural mixture the genuine characteristics of their mother-tongue.

'Of the three great American historians, Mr. PRESCOTT, perhaps, has the fewest of those characteristic traits which may be regarded as distinctive of our own times. The general structure of his style resembles that of the best parts of the last century, though every sentence has that fine flavor of general culture which can be acquired only by a long and careful study of the most polished writers of every age. His sentences have an easy and natural flow, adapting themselves with graceful flexibility to the different forms of expression which the subject requires, from a full picture to a simple outline. The rhythm of his periods is not always apparent, or, at least, not always prominent, for they are addressed to the eye rather than to the ear; but there is a sweet under-tone of natural melody running through them, which mingles pleasantly with their general flow, and fills the mind with an agreeable sense of harmony. There is no apparent effort about them. Every thing is natural and easy, like the free giving of what has been freely received. You may sometimes feel the want of energy; of lucidness, never. The words are for the most part happily chosen, indi-

cating a judicious use of the different elements of our vocabulary without any exclusive preference. He does not indulge largely in epithets, though those which he employs are beautiful and appropriate. He has none of those fiery sentences which blaze up with spontaneous combustion, as if they were about to consume the paper on which they are written; nor yet any of that other cast, so common among our modish writers, which seem to have been shot out like arrows from the bow, paining the sensitive ear by the incessant twang of the cord. But he expresses his thoughts with a genuine simplicity, a natural warmth, an unaffected dignity, that bring them before the mind of the reader as distinctly as they arose in his own, and leave them there like the recollection of a sunny landscape, or a sweet song, which dwells in the soul as an unfailing resource for secret refreshment.

In striking contrast with these natural graces is the brilliant and elaborate tessellation of Mr. BANCROFT's style, into which rich and varied learning and wide experience of life have been wrought with lavish profusion. It is evident that Mr. BANCROFT has studied the art of writing with uncommon care. His sentences are shaped and modulated with unwearied pains. The words are inserted in their places with a curious felicity. The epithets are drawn freely from a wide range of reading, and set off the thought with dazzling brilliancy. Like MÜLLER, the eloquent historian of Switzerland, he loves to interweave with his own the language of the texts he draws from, forming a rich mosaic of skilfully assorted colors. He affects, too, a sententious energy, and the forms of abstract thought. But the energy of manner is not always sustained by energy of matter, and a portrait or an exposition sometimes runs out into several pages of concise sentences. His periods are addressed to the ear as much, if not more, than to the eye; and you would say that he could never entirely divest himself of the feeling that he was speaking to the multitude. He draws largely from the science and vocabulary of the times, and seems to feel a peculiar pleasure in preserving the coloring of his own age in his most elaborate pictures of the past. He never grows weary of touching and retouching till every detail has been carefully finished. But his vivid imagination has somewhat fragmentary in it, giving to parts a prominence which mars at times the harmony of the whole. And thus the general effect is like that of a harpist, who, while he commands your admiration by brilliant execution, dwells too long upon single chords to produce a gratifying sense of harmony. His individual sentences are never obscure, but the chapters do not always leave distinct impressions. He has many beauties, some of them of a very high order, which yet lose much of their charm by the lack of simplicity and repose. We are too constantly reminded of the effort by which they were produced, and are seldom allowed to forget the artist in his work.

In Mr. IRVING's style there is less of the nineteenth century than in Mr. BANCROFT's, and more than in Mr. PRISCOTT's. The character of his early works brought him into that kind of contact with his contemporaries which necessarily affects the forms of expression by its influence upon the forms of thought. In painting objects that lay under his eye, he naturally employed the language of daily life, and when he came to speak of the manners and arts of other ages, or to indulge in the genial exercise of creation, he had already caught as large a share of the characteristics of his own age as was suited to the nature and bent of his mind. His favorite studies, at the same time, served to moderate the effect of these contemporary influences, and to aid him in forming a style in which the genius of the language is preserved without sacrificing the genius of the age. He had conceived an early passion for the old poets and moralists, and had taken a special delight in those exquisite ballads into which men fresh from the people poured all the poetry of common life. He had made himself familiar with popular traditions, had studied the antique drama, and, living in daily intercourse with men of polite conversation, had gathered around himself an atmosphere of pure literature, in which the best elements of the old and the new were naturally and harmoniously blended.

Mr. IRVING's language is genuine English, with few words that ADDISON or GOLDSMITH would not have used, and few that would not have been readily understood a hundred years ago in the same sense in which he employs them. The arts and inventions of the age have left just traces enough in his style to show that he belongs to a period in which great changes have been wrought in society by the progress of natural and social science. He is fond of idioms, with which he is copiously supplied by extensive reading, directed and enlivened by the habits of good society. He is usually very happy in the choice both of his words and of his idioms, and it is very seldom that one could change either without jeopardizing the thought. He evidently feels the power of a word in its place, and some of his pictures owe half their beauty to a felicitous selection of terms. There is a richness and splendor of diction in his essays and tales, which, in his histories, is sobered down to a calm affluence, always adequate to the occasion, but never overflowing in those brilliant periods which are the legitimate ornament of imaginative composition.

In the structure of his sentences there is a pleasing variety, although, like most moderns, he prefers short sentences. Their rhythm is singularly rich and sweet, free

from every taint of monotony, and always gratifying the ear by spontaneous adaptation to the thought. Indeed they leave upon the mind the same kind of impression which poetry does when it has once become associated with sweet music; one never recalls the verses without fancying that he hears the accompaniment.

'All is clear and distinct in his periods, which seem like mirrors to his thoughts, reflecting every idea so truthfully, that you feel, while reading him, as if you were looking directly into his mind. And this arises in a great measure from his never attempting a style of writing that is not in harmony with his habits of thought; so that his words become the natural expression of his conceptions. Without any ambitious endeavors to appear strong, he always leaves strong impressions. The image that has found its way to the mind through the medium of his words, is sure to remain there in all its freshness.

'We cannot call his style simple; for it is too rich for absolute simplicity. And yet it is so natural, the ornaments are so chaste, the words seem to drop so readily into their places, the epithets seem to rise so spontaneously from the subject, the periods seem to flow so easily into one another, that you never think of pausing to reflect on the labor which it must have cost to learn how to use language so skilfully. There is a fine flavor of culture about it which cannot be mistaken, but which, while it shows how conversant he must have been with the best writers, is free from all tincture of pedantry. He never harangues, though he is often eloquent. One may read his sentences effectively, but cannot declaim them. He has more movement than Mr. PRESCOTT, more fluidity than Mr. BANCROFT. If we were called upon to name the leading characteristics of his style, we should say that they were rhythm, artistic conception, and a constant play of fancy. It is to his delicate perception of rhythmical beauty that his sentences owe their just and harmonious proportions. It is by his rare power of artistic conception that he enriches them with pictures full of life and movement. And the vivid play of his fancy gathers for him, from the wide realms of animate and inanimate nature, that store of felicitous epithets which illuminates them as with a perpetual glow of soft and rosy light. You never willingly lay down a volume of his till you have finished it: and when you take it up anew, you still feel the pleasure grow upon you as you read. 'Fascinating' is the word that we should most readily apply to him as a writer, so irresistible is the influence which he gains over us, and so serene a sense of secret satisfaction does he diffuse through the mind by the graceful flow of his periods.

'We think, therefore, that Mr. IRVING has succeeded perfectly in the task which he had set himself: a history of WASHINGTON which should bring him home to every heart by bringing him distinctly before every mind. A psychological analysis of character, like COLERIDGE'S *PITT*, or a philosophical generalization, like GUIZOT'S *Essay*, however valuable for a certain class of readers — and surely their value cannot be rated too highly — would have failed to meet the wants of thousands who wish to know what WASHINGTON did in order to win for himself the holy title of 'Father of his Country.' The historian of WASHINGTON is the great teacher of the nation, who tells us what sacrifices it cost our fathers to prepare for us the blessings that we enjoy; what heroism was required to overcome the obstacles that beset their path; what self-denial it demanded to forget themselves in their love for posterity; how strong their wills, how firm their hearts, how sound their judgment, how serene their wisdom. We should rise from the volume with the whole of the wondrous history imprinted upon our memories, and with our hearts glowing with fervent gratitude and generous patriotism. We should feel that a great soul has been laid open before us, and that we have been permitted to look into its innermost recesses; that we have been brought nearer to one in the touch of whose garments are healing and strength, and that, henceforth, when trials come upon us, and doubts assail us, and our hearts sicken and grow faint at the contemplation of evils for which we can discover no cure, the image of the great and good man will rise before us like a messenger from heaven, to teach us the power of faith and the beauty of virtue.

'We regard the brilliant success of these volumes as an occasion of joyful congratulation to the citizens of our republic. It is eminently a national work, upon which they can all look with unmingled pride. It has not merely enriched our literature with a production of rare beauty, but has given new force to those local associations which bind us as with hallowed ties to the spots where great men lived and great things were done. Few will now cross the Delaware without remembering that Christmas night of tempest and victory. Who can look upon the heights of Brooklyn without fancying that, as he gazes, the spires and streets fade from his view, while in their stead stern and anxious faces rise through the misty air, and amid them the majestic form of WASHINGTON, with a smile of triumph just lighting for a moment his care-worn features, at the thought of the prize he has snatched from the grasp of a proud and exulting enemy? And Princeton, and Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the crowning glory of Yorktown: how do they live anew for us! With what perennial freshness will their names descend to posterity! And those two noble streams that flow to the sea through alternations of pastoral beauty and rugged

grandeur — the lovely Potomac, the majestic Hudson — how have they become blended by these magic pages in indissoluble associations; the one the cherished home of WASHINGTON, the seat of his domestic joys, his rural delights, looked to with eager yearning from the din of camps and battle-fields, sighed for with weary longing amid the pomp and pageantry of official greatness, to which he returned so gladly when his task had been accomplished, and which, dying with the serenity of Christian resignation, he consecrated by the holiest of all associations, the patriot's grave; the other the scene of cares and triumphs, on whose banks he had passed slow days of hope deferred, whose waters had borne him to-and-fro through checkered years of dubious fortune, and had witnessed the touching sublimity of his farewell to his companions in arms, and the simple grandeur of his reception as first President of the country he had saved! How meet was it that, while his ashes repose beside the waters of the Potomac, his life should have been written on the banks of the Hudson!

And as we write this, we rise, go to one of the windows that open upon the piazza, look over the Tapaän-Zee, observe the weather-cock peering above, yet gleaming among, the soft-green trees that surround 'Sunny-Side,' the same which once glittered on the ancient VANDERHEYDEN Palace at Albany, and say, 'Peace and Happiness, Joy and Blessing, attend thee unto thy life's end!'

The paper upon ALEXANDER HAMILTON will command marked attention at this moment, for reasons which it is needless to specify here. We have space but for the following passage:

'We have spoken of HAMILTON's character and career as requiring only the perspective of time to afford the most efficient dramatic material; and the last occurrences of his life, moulded into artistic sequence and heightened by incidental circumstances, afford a tragic *dénouement* worthy the hand of a master. The long political rivalry between him and his enemy; the singular coincidence in some points of their intellectual, and the intense antagonism in their moral natures; their prominence as the respective leaders of two great parties in the state, and as competitors in the same profession; the personal attractiveness of both in society; the strong passions enlisted in the war of opinion and the race of ambition in which they were opponents; the brilliant antecedents of one, and the equivocal reputation of the other; the universal interest felt and manifested throughout the country in the men and the causes they represented; what contrasts and associations are these to weave around the fatal *rencontre*, and to subserve for the elaboration and vivid display of character! Both possessed military talents, were gentlemen in manners, and cherished great political schemes. Equally distinguished at the outset for rapid mastery of legal knowledge, the bar was to them what the arena of old was to gladiator and charioteer — a scene where skill, power, and grace were tested before entranced spectators; and public life yielded another and more extensive theatre whereon they and their coadjutors strenuously contended for the mastery. It was the same in society; polished address, knowledge of character, the ability to please, and the desire of convincing one sex and charming the other, were characteristic of both. With these general resemblances there were the most extreme diversities. HAMILTON's political genius was constructive and conservative; BURR's schemes were those of conspiracy and invasion. HAMILTON, 'disdained duplicity'; his candor was a normal attribute; by direct, open, earnest appeal, either to reason or feeling, he sought to accomplish his ends; while BURR's chief mental quality was acuteness; he was, by nature, subtle; intrigue was his habit; as a lawyer he trusted to shrewdness, while HAMILTON leaned on philosophy. The style of the one was flowing; of the other, keen and pointed. The one was plausible, the other persuasive; the one cunning, the other comprehensive; the one secretive, the other ingenuous; the one insinuating, the other eloquent; the one selfish, and the other generous. Similar contrasts marked their social character. HAMILTON won the admiration of men and the favor of women by a frank ardor and graceful intellectuality; BURR, by adroitness and a kind of arbitrary fascination. The former attracted, the latter cast a glamour. HAMILTON yielded to passion, BURR cultivated it. HAMILTON was impulsive, BURR calculating. The one trusted to valor, the other to stratagem. Their experience corresponded with their natures. WASHINGTON, who instinctively confided in HAMILTON at the first meeting, looked with immediate distrust on BURR. The former lives in history as one of the chief framers of a great political system, and one of the most self-devoted of patriots; the name of the latter is forever identified with treason in the judicial annals of the country. The one died in his prime, amid the tears and laudations of whole people; the other lived an outcast, indigent, reckless, despised. The memory of the one is consecrated, that of the other anathematized.

'The circumstances attending the duel are too familiar for repetition. The documentary evidence is complete. A general inquisition as to the remarks of a public man in regard to a political antagonist, was wrested into an accusation of specific insult; the reply of HAMILTON, 'I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion of mine which I may be charged with having declared against any gentleman,' was made the basis of a demand for a positive denial of any and every observation personally derogatory — a demand utterly impossible to comply with, and wholly unjustifiable to proffer; and the refusal was the subterfuge whereby a claim for redress by single combat was enforced on one of well-known scrupulousness on points of honor, to betray him into fatal collision with an expert marksman. How shrewdly every attempt at conciliation was avoided, how vindictively the deadly purpose was followed up, and how magnanimously it was encountered, are not speculative inferences, but facts testified by the hands of the principals, and confirmed by the evidence of the seconds.

'General HAMILTON is just dead,' said one to BURR.

'Ah!' was the reply: 'did he suffer much pain?'

'Yes.'

'I regret it: it was my purpose to have spared him needless pain.'

'This is a mortal wound, Doctor,' said HAMILTON, as he lay in the boat while crossing the river: 'my sight is indistinct. My poor wife and children! Let the event be gradually broken to her. *Pendleton knows that I did not intend to fire at him.*

'These expressions, winged by a thousand voices over the land — the one a remorseless and cool acceptance of the deed of blood, the other the last faltering utterance of a noble and generous heart — stamped this so-called duel forever on the national memory, as an assassination; and the apology of HAMILTON for thus disposing of an invaluable and honored life, while it is vain in an ethical and religious, was deeply affecting in a patriotic view:

'The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular.'

'The relation of HAMILTON to WASHINGTON was one of the most interesting, honorable, and delicate which can be imagined; so much so, indeed, that only those endowed equally with a chivalric spirit and a genuine moral sensibility can adequately comprehend it. The difference of age, talents, and disposition, the natural reserve and self-respect of the one and the fluency and loyalty of the other, kindred nobleness and self-devotion in the same great cause, and the implicit mutual confidence implied in the peculiar associations of life and labor that so long existed between them; all tend to give often a high moral charm, and always a delicate significance to their intimacy.

'The promptitude with which General WASHINGTON recognized young HAMILTON's ability and worth is remarkable. His perception of character was, indeed, a rare and valuable instinct, almost infallible, and events continually proved the correctness of his original impressions and judgment. His confidence in the man who thus won his esteem at the first interview, never wavered. He divined, at once, the sphere wherein he could most advantageously work; and, on the earliest occasion, enlisted his eminent literary and colloquial talents. His counsel became equally precious as its rational and sagacious inspiration commended it more and more to the appreciative mind of the commander-in-chief; and friendship soon hallowed the bond which duty and experience thus wove. As the ardent MAX impressed the heart of WALLENSTEIN, so, we may conjecture, did HAMILTON in the Revolutionary drama appear to WASHINGTON. 'He stood before him like his youth.' Occasionally there break through the formal demeanor and the grave responsibility of the man, the times, and the office, expressions indicative of this peculiar sympathy. HAMILTON is one of the few to whom WASHINGTON is known to have used the language of an unrestrained and even playful familiarity; and in his letters to him is observable a strain of confidential communication rare in his official correspondence. Affection no less tempered respect in the bearing of the young aid-de-camp toward his chief. When the latter, for a moment, lost his self-command in the mortifying crisis at Monmouth, HAMILTON impetuously rode through the *mêlée* to his side, and exclaimed: 'I will stay with you, my dearest General, and die with you: let us all die rather than retreat.'

But we lack space farther to commend, in the present number of the '*North-American*,' what it is itself abundantly prepared to 'set forth and show accordingly.' There is always a great variety of tastes to be consulted in a popular review: nor is it to be expected that 'every thing will please every body' in such a publication.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, 310 Broadway.

THIS exquisite little poem is founded upon an incident in the life of HAROUN AL RASCHID: and the eastern glow and luxuriance, we should perhaps say sensuousness of thought, are heightened by the superb execution of the work on the part of the publishers. Few young poets appear in so beautiful a dress, and few are so worthy of the compliment. We follow the example of the ingenious Sultana of the Arabian Nights in quoting only the opening stanzas:

'At Bagdad, in his gold kiosk,
HAROUN AL RASCHID sate one day:
A-through the carvern trellis work
The sun-shine drifted in, and lay
In argent diamonds on his face;
And gleamed across the golden lace
That ran like lightning round his robes;
And seemed to split two crystal globes
Of gold-fish, on two jasmine desks;
And fired the costly arabesques;
And, falling on the fountain, turned
Its spray to gems that glowed and burned—
A spiked knot of chrysolite
That made a splendor in the place!
But most it loved the Caliph's face:
And it was at the noon of day.
On cushions cygnet-soft he lay,
Unconscious of the garish light;
Untasted stood his fruit and ice;
Unheeded were the winds that drew
The lemon-trees all ways, and blew
The gentlest gales from Paradise!

'Without, among the myrtle flowers,
Two fawns lay sleeping; a gazelle
Played with its gilded chain, and rung,
At every step, a silver bell:
Two lovers, down the garden-walks,
Went hand in hand, like May and June:
And one was as the rising sun,
And one was as the waning moon!
The fawns may sleep; the white gazelle
May spill the lily's cup of dew;
But, lovers, love did ne'er run smooth:
The wily Caliph dreams of you!

'The sun-light slid from AARON'S brow;
Then from his beard of silken wire;
Then touched his feet, then touched the mats,
And set their silver fringe on fire:
And still he heeded not the flow
Of time, that evening long ago.
But when the shadow of the mosque,
Near by, was shattered on the floor,
The Caliph turned and ate his ice,
And drank the drink forgot before;
And smiled like one who, having brought
To ripeness some imperfect thought,
Is vain of his own wisdom. Then
This pearl of kings, this flower of men,
Caressed his beard, and softly spake
Like one who murmurs, half awake:
'To have our Vizier ever near,
By ALLAH'S goodness it is clear

The faithful BARMECIDE must wed
 Our royal sister : but I swear
 For them shall be no bridal bed !
 May countless Marids torture thee,
 And fill thy slumber with despair,
 O Caliph ! for thy cruelty !

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, the Great English Engineer. In one Volume : pp. 486.
 Boston : TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

SCARCELY any historical narrative, however full of interest or romance, however exciting, has afforded us more pleasure in the perusal than the volume before us. In the first place, it is admirably written. Its style is in keeping with its subject—simple, direct, and clear. The work is the history of a poor English boy, born of poor hard-working parents, and brought up in poverty; working himself, too, from a mere child, and for the smallest pittance, in the English collieries. This part of his early career may really be pronounced affecting. But it 'was *in* him, and it *came out*.' When he was watching the engine which sent up the coals from the pit; when he was advanced to the dignity of 'plugman;' all this while, his true genius was developing within him. And then what incessant labor, what uncomplaining poverty, what manly perseverance ! But to the book :

'FROM the time when GEORGE STEPHENSON was appointed fireman, and more particularly afterward as engine-man, he applied himself so assiduously and so successfully to the study of the engine and its gearing—taking the machine to pieces in his leisure hours for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts—that that he very soon acquired a thorough practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working, and thus he very rarely needed to call to his aid the engineer of the colliery. His engine became a sort of pet with him, and he was never wearied of watching and inspecting it with devoted admiration.

'There is indeed a peculiar fascination about an engine, to the intelligent workman who watches and feeds it. It is almost sublime in its untiring industry and quiet power; capable of performing the most gigantic work, yet so docile that a child's hand may guide it. No wonder, therefore, that the workman, who is the daily companion of this life-like machine, and is constantly watching it with anxious care, at length comes to regard it with a degree of personal interest and regard, speaking of it often in terms of glowing admiration. This daily contemplation of the steam-engine, and the sight of its steady action, is an education of itself to the ingenious and thoughtful workman. It is certainly a striking and remarkable fact, that nearly all that has been done for the improvement of the steam-engine has been accomplished, not by philosophers and scientific men, but by laborers, mechanics, and engine-men. It would appear as if this were one of the departments of practical science in which the higher powers of the human mind must bend to mechanical instinct. The steam-engine was but a mere toy, until it was taken in hand by workmen. SAVERY was originally a working miner, NEWCOMEN a blacksmith, and his partner CAWLEY a glazier. In the hands of WATT, the instrument-maker, who devoted almost a life to the subject, the condensing engine acquired gigantic strength; and GEORGE STEPHENSON, the colliery engine-man, was certainly not the least of those who have assisted to bring the high-pressure engine to its present power.

'While studying to master the details of his engine, to know its weaknesses, and to quicken its powers, GEORGE STEPHENSON gradually acquired the character of a clever and improving workman. Whatever he was set to do, that he endeavored to do well and thoroughly; never neglecting small matters, but aiming at being a complete workman at all points; thus gradually perfecting his own mechanical capacity, and securing at the same time the respect of his fellow-workmen and the increased confidence and esteem of his employers.'

Is it not painful to read from a work like this a passage like the subjoined ?

Poor 'maniac'—imprisoned for a discovery, which, carried onward to practical results, has almost revolutionized the world:

'SOLOMON DE CAUS, who was shut up for his supposed madness in the Bicêtre at Paris, seems to have been the first to conceive the idea of employing steam for moving carriages on land as well as ships at sea. MARION DE LORME, in a letter to the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, dated Paris, February, 1841, thus describes a visit paid to this celebrated mad-house in the company of the English Marquis of Worcester: 'We were crossing the court, and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed: 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.'

"'What has he discovered?' asked our guide.

"'Oh!' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'something trifling enough: you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man,' continued the keeper, 'is named SOLOMON DE CAUS: he came from Normandy four years ago, to present to the King a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end to the miracles which, he insists upon it, could be performed. The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him. SOLOMON DE CAUS, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went, with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him forever in his path, and annoyed at his folly, shut him up in the Bicêtre.'

For the experiments and 'trials' of STEPHENSON, in inventing and perfecting several kinds of 'land-carriages,' or locomotives, we must refer the reader to the volume under notice. Meantime, we present a few anecdotes connected with the futile experiments of those who had preceded him:

'The first English model of a steam-carriage, was made in 1784, by WILLIAM MURDOCH, the friend and assistant of WARR. It was on the high-pressure principle, and ran on three wheels. The boiler was heated by a spirit-lamp; and the whole machine was of very diminutive dimensions, standing little more than a foot high. Yet on one occasion the little engine went so fast, that it out-ran the speed of its inventor. Mr. BUCKLE says, that one night, after returning from his duties in the mine at Redruth, in Cornwall, MURDOCH determined to try the working of his model locomotive. For this purpose he had recourse to the walk leading to the church, about a mile from the town. The walk was rather narrow, and was bounded on either side by high hedges. It was a dark night, and MURDOCH set out alone to try his experiment. Having lit his lamp, the water shortly began to boil, and off started the engine with the inventor after it. He soon heard distant shouts of despair. It was too dark to perceive objects; but he shortly found, on following up the machine, that the cries for assistance proceeded from the worthy pastor of the parish, who, going toward the town on business, was met on the lonely road by the hissing and fiery little monster, which he subsequently declared he had taken to be the Evil One in *propria persona*. No farther steps, however, were taken by MURDOCH to embody his idea of a locomotive carriage in a more practical form.'

'In the course of the following year, the same idea was taken up by Doctor JAMES ANDERSON, of Edinburgh, who proposed, in his 'Recreations of Agriculture,' the general adoption of railways worked by horse-power, to be carried along the existing turnpike-roads. Doctor ANDERSON dilated upon his idea with glowing enthusiasm. 'Diminish carriage expense but one farthing,' said he, 'and you widen the circle of intercourse; you form, as it were, a new creation, not only of stones and earth, and trees and plants, but of men also, and, what is more, of industry, happiness, and joy.' The cost of all articles of human consumption would, he alleged, be thus reduced, agriculture promoted, distances diminished, the country brought nearer to the town, and the town to the country. The number of horses required to carry on the traffic of the kingdom would be greatly diminished, and a general prosperity would, he insisted, be the result of the adoption of his system. 'Indeed,' said he, 'it is scarcely possible to contemplate an institution from which would result a greater quantity of harmony, peace, and comfort to persons living in the country, than would naturally result from the introduction of rail-roads.'

'The first steam-carriage adapted for actual use on common roads, was, on the whole, tolerably successful. It excited considerable interest in the remote district, near to the Land's End, where it had been constructed. Being so far removed from

the great movements and enterprise of the commercial world, TREVETHICK and VIVIAN determined upon exhibiting their machine in the metropolis, with a view, if possible, to its practical adoption for the purpose intended. In furtherance of this object, they set out with the locomotive to Plymouth, whence a sea-captain, named VIVIAN, was to convey it in his vessel to town. COLERIDGE relates, that while the vehicle was proceeding along the road toward the port, at the top of its speed, and had just carried away a portion of the rails of a gentleman's garden, ANDREW VIVIAN descried ahead of them a closed toll-gate, and called out to TREVETHICK, who was behind, to slacken speed. He immediately shut off the steam; but the momentum was so great, that the carriage proceeded some distance, coming dead up, however, just on the right side of the gate, which was opened like lightning by the toll-keeper.

“What have us got to pay here?” asked VIVIAN.

“The poor toll-man, trembling in every limb, his teeth chattering in his head, essayed a reply: ‘Na-na-na-na—’

“What have us got to pay, I say?”

“No-noth-nothing to pay! My de-dear Mr. DEVIL, do drive on as fast as you can! Nothing to pay!”

Our readers will miss a rare treat, if they do not secure an early perusal of this most interesting work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON. By E. J. TRELAWNY. In one Volume: pp. 304. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

Do you remark one little thing about the title of this book?—‘SHELLEY AND BYRON?’ This is explanatory and satisfactory, and explains the *quo animo* of the writer. We shall waste few words in commendation of this book: it requires none, simply because its subject at once ‘satisfies the sentiment.’ For the first thirty pages, the inference we think will be irresistible, that the writer is an English ‘SNOB,’ of the first THACKERAY breed. Thenceforth, however, every thing is in his favor. Hence a few extracts. He writes with ease and spirit; seems forgetful of himself, in any offensive sense; and speaks naturally of all those things ‘which he saw, and part of which he was:’

‘BYRON’s literary was, like ALEXANDER’s military career, one great triumph; but while he was at the zenith of his popularity, he railed against the world’s injustice. Was this insanity, or what polite doctors now call a softening of the brain? I suppose, by the ‘world’ he meant no more than the fashionable set he had seen squeezed together in a drawing-room, and by all the press that attacked him; the fraction of it which took its tone from some small but active clique: as to friends deserting him, that could not be, for it was his boast that he never had attempted to make any after his school hallucinations. But in the pride of his strength, and the audacity of his youth, enemies he certainly did make, and when they saw an opportunity of getting rid of a supercilious rival, they instinctively took advantage of it. As to the Poet’s differences with his wife, they must have appeared absurd to men who were as indifferent to their own wives as were the majority of BYRON’s enemies.

‘When the most worldly wise and unimpassioned marry, they take a leap in the dark, and can no more foresee the consequences, than poets—owls blinded by the light of their vain imagination. The worldly wise, not having risked or anticipated much, stand to their bargain ‘for better or worse,’ and say nothing about it; but the irascible tribe of songsters, when they find that marriage is not exactly what they imagined it to be, proclaim their griefs from the house-top,’ as BYRON did.

‘Very pretty books have been written on the ‘Loves of the Angels,’ and ‘Loves of the Poets,’ and Love universal; but when lovers are paired and caged together in holy matrimony, the curtain is dropped, and we hear no more of them. It may be, they moult their feathers and lose their song. BYRON’s marriage must not be classed with those of the Poets, but of the worldly wise; he was not under the illusion of love, but of money. If he had left his wife and cut society, (the last he was resolved on doing,) he would have been content: that his wife and society should have cast him off, was a mortification his pride could never forgive nor forget. As to the oft-vexed

question of the Poet's separation from his wife, he has told the facts in prose and verse; but omitted to state that he treated women as things devoid of soul or sense; he would not eat, pray, walk, nor talk with them. If he had told us this, who would have marvelled that a lady, tenderly reared and richly endowed, pious, learned, and prudent, deluded into marrying such a man, should have thought him mad or worse, and sought safety by flight? Within certain degrees of affinity, marriages are forbidden; so they should be where there is no natural affinity of feelings, habits, tastes, or sympathies. It is very kind in the saints to ally themselves to sinners; but in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, it turns out a failure: in Byron's case it was signally so.

'In all the transactions of his life, his intense anxiety to cut a good figure made him cruelly unjust to others. In fact, his pride and vanity mastered him, and he made no effort to conceal or to control their dominion, reckless how it marred his worldly advantages. Amidst the general homage paid to his genius, his vanity reverted to his early disappointments, when he was baffled and compelled to fly, and though Parthian-like he discharged his arrows on his pursuers, he lost the battle.

'SHELLEY had a far loftier spirit. His pride was spiritual. When attacked, he neither fled, nor stood at bay, nor altered his course, but calmly went on with heart and mind intent on elevating his species. While men tried to force him down to their level, he toiled to draw their minds upward. His words were: 'I always go on until I am stopped, and I never am stopped.' Like the Indian palms, SHELLEY never flourished far from water. When compelled to take up his quarters in a town, he every morning with the instinct that guides the water-birds, fled to the nearest lake, river, or sea-shore, and only returned to roost at night. If debarred from this, he sought out the most solitary places. Towns and crowds distracted him. Even the silent and half-deserted cities of Italy, with their temples, palaces, paintings, and sculpture, could not make him stay, if there was a wood or water within his reach. At Pisa, he had a river under his window, and a pine forest in the neighborhood.

'I accompanied Mrs. SHELLEY to this wood in search of the Poet, on one of those brilliant spring mornings we on the wrong side of the Alps are so rarely blessed with. A *calèche* took us out of Pisa through the gate of the Cascine; we drove through the Cascine and onward for two or three miles, traversing the vineyards and farms on the Grand Ducal estate. On approaching some farm buildings, near which were a hunting-palace and chapel, we dismissed the carriage, directing the driver to meet us at a certain spot in the afternoon. We then walked on, not exactly knowing what course to take, and were exceedingly perplexed on coming to an open space, from which four roads radiated. There we stopped until I learnt from a *Contadino*, that the one before us led directly to the sea, which was two or three miles distant; the one on the right, led to the Serchio, and that on the left, to the Arno: we decided on taking the road to the sea. We proceeded on our journey over a sandy plain, the sun being near its zenith. Walking was not included among the number of accomplishments in which Mrs. SHELLEY excelled; the loose sand and hot sun soon knocked her up. When we got under the cool canopy of the pines, she stopped, and allowed me to hunt for her husband. I now strode along; the forest was on my right hand, and extensive pastures on my left, with herds of oxen, camels, and horses grazing thereon. I came upon the open sea at a place called Gombo, from whence I could see Via Reggio, the Gulf of Spezzia, and the mountains beyond. After bathing, seeing nothing of the Poet, I penetrated the densest part of the forest, ever and anon making the woods ring with the name of SHELLEY, and scaring the herons and water-birds from the chain of stagnant pools which impeded my progress.

'With no land-marks to guide me, nor sky to be seen above, I was bewildered in this wilderness of pines and ponds; so I sat down, struck a light, and smoked a segar. A red man would have known his course by the trees themselves, their growth, form, and color; or if a footstep had passed that day, he would have hit upon its trail. As I mused upon his sagacity and my own stupidity, the braying of a brother jackass startled me. He was followed by an old man picking up pine cones. I asked him if he had seen a stranger?

'*L'Inglese malinconico* haunts the wood, maledetta. I will show you his nest.'

'As we advanced, the ground swelled into mounds and hollows. By-and-by the old fellow pointed with his stick to a hat, books, and loose papers lying about, and then to a deep pool of dark glimmering water, saying, 'Eccolo!' I thought he meant that SHELLEY was in or under the water. The careless, not to say impatient, way in which the Poet bore his burden of life, caused a vague dread among his family and friends, that he might lose or cast it away at any moment.

'The strong light steamed through the opening of the trees. One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the Poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie, that he did not hear my approach. There the trees were stunted and bent, and their crowns were shorn like friars by the sea-breezes, excepting a cluster of three, under which SHELLEY's traps were lying; these overtopped the rest. To avoid startling the Poet

out of his dream, I squatted under the lofty trees, and opened his books. One was a volume of his favorite Greek dramatist, SOPHOCLES—the same that I found in his pocket after his death—and the other was a volume of SHAKESPEARE. I then hailed him, and turning his head, he answered faintly: ‘Hollo! come in.’

‘Is this your study?’ I asked.

‘Yes, he answered, ‘and these trees are my books: they tell no lies. You are sitting on the stool of inspiration,’ he exclaimed. ‘In those three pines the weird sisters are imprisoned, and this,’ pointing to the water, ‘is their cauldron of black broth.’ The Pythian priestesses uttered their oracles from below; now they are muttered from above. Listen to the solemn music in the pine-tops: don’t you hear the mournful murmurings of the sea? Sometimes they rave and roar, shriek and howl, like a rabble of priests. In a tempest, when a ship sinks, they catch the despairing groans of the drowning mariners. Their chorus is the eternal wailing of wretched men.’

‘They, like the world,’ I observed, ‘seem to take no note of wretched women. The sighs and wailing you talk about are not those of wretched men afar off, but are breathed by a woman near at hand; not from the pine-tops, but by a forsaken lady.’

‘What do you mean?’ he asked.

‘Why, that an hour or two ago, I left your wife, MARY SHELLEY, at the entrance of this grove, in despair at not finding you.’

‘He started up, snatched up his scattered books and papers, thrust them into his hat, and jacket-pockets, sighing: ‘Poor MARY! hers is a sad fate. Come along: she can’t bear solitude, nor I society: the quick coupled with the dead.’

‘He glided along with his usual swiftness, for nothing could make him pause for an instant when he had an object in view, until he had attained it. On hearing our voices, Mrs. SHELLEY joined us; her clear gray eyes and thoughtful brow expressing the love she could not speak. To stop SHELLEY’s self-reproaches, or to hide her own emotions, she began in a bantering tone, chiding and coaxing him:

‘What a wild-goose you are, PERCY: if my thoughts have strayed from my book, it was to the opera, and my new dress from Florence, and especially the ivy wreath so much admired for my hair, and not to you, you silly fellow! When I left home, my satin slippers had not arrived. These are serious matters to gentlewomen, enough to ruffle the serene temper. As to you and your ungallant companion, I had forgotten that such things are; but as it is the ridiculous custom to have men at balls and operas, I must take you with me, though, from your uncouth ways, you will be taken for VALENTINE, and he for ORSON.’

‘SHELLEY, like other students, would, when the spell that bound his faculties was broken, shut his books, and indulge in the wildest flights of mirth and folly. As this is a sport all can join in, we talked, and laughed, and shrieked, and shouted, as we emerged from under the shadows of the melancholy pines and their nodding plumes, into the now cool purple twilight and open country. The cheerful and graceful peasant girls, returning home from the vineyards and olive groves, stopped to look at us. The old man I had met in the morning gathering pine cones, passed hurriedly by with his donkey, giving SHELLEY a wide berth, and evidently thinking that the melancholy Englishman had now become a raving maniac. SANCHO says, ‘Blessings on the man who invented sleep;’ the man who invented laughing deserves no less.

‘The day I found SHELLEY in the pine forest, he was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines:

‘‘ARIEL, to MIRANDA take
This slave of music.’

It was a frightful scrawl: words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in most ‘admitted disorder;’ it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh over-grown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks: such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius. On my observing this to him, he answered:

‘When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing. If you ask me why I publish what few or none will care to read, it is that the spirits I have raised haunt me until they are sent to the devil of a printer. All authors are anxious to breech their bantlings.’

We have by no means done with this book. It is a work which cannot be ‘finished’ at one sitting. It is literally *replete* with valuable INCUKATION, which *must* distil into the mind of the reader. Nor do we believe, much as has already been written upon SHELLEY, that this will be the last work upon the same theme. It will itself provoke others.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' 'Agatha's Husband,' 'The Ogilvies,' etc., etc. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

A BOOK-NOTICE in a magazine is generally like a laugh that comes in a very long while after the joke. There are potent, sleep-giving elements in a review of a work which every body has read, praised, blamed, and laid away. But even with a full knowledge of all this, we cannot withhold our opinion from the critical 'gentlemen of the jury' before whom Miss MULOCK has arraigned the *bello sexo*. The author of 'John Halifax' is certainly one of the women of the age, ranking with BARRETT BROWNING, MRS. GASKELL, and the BRONTËS: she is a thinker and a worker: and, what is better, has not forgotten that she is a woman—a mistake which 'sweet girl-graduates,' when they are very bright, are apt to make. Miss MULOCK writes like a sweet, sensible woman; never allowing her intellect to run away with her heart, or *vice versa*. Her view of woman in her sphere displays the keenest perception of those loves and duties which should make up fire-side life. The book is full of practicable suggestion, and should be read by every mother and daughter in our goodly land. We leave the volume, commending the following extracts to the reader's attention:

A N O L D M A I D .

'SHE has not married. Under heaven, her home, her life, her lot, are all of her own making. Bitter or sweet they may have been—it is not ours to meddle with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide or narrow as her circle of influence appears, she has exercised her power to the uttermost, and for good. Whether great or small her talents, she has not let one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current of her existence may have been, and in whatever circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily wasted no portion of it—not a year, not a month, not a day.

'Published or unpublished, this woman's life is a goodly chronicle, the title-page of which you may read in her quiet countenance; her manner, settled, cheerful, and at ease; her unflinching interest in all things and all people. You will rarely find she thinks much about herself; she has never had time for it. And this her life-chronicle, which, out of its very fulness, has taught her that the more one does, the more one finds to do—she will never flourish in your face, or the face of heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extraordinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply done what it was her duty to do.

'But—and when her place is vacant on earth, this will be said of her assuredly, both here and elsewhere—'*She hath done what she could.*'

'Touch her gently, FATHER TIME!' This picture of masculine singleness is not so flattering a portrait:

A N O L D B A C H E L O R .

'SCARCELY any sight is more pitiable than a young man who has drifted on to past thirty, without home or near kindred; with just income enough to keep him respectably in the position which he supposes himself bound to maintain, and to supply him with the various small luxuries—such as thirty guineas per annum in cigars, etc.—which have become habitual to him. Like his fellow-mortals, he is liable enough to the unlucky weakness of falling in love, now and then; but he somehow manages to extinguish the passion before it gets fairly alight; knowing he can no more venture to ask a girl in his own sphere to marry him, or be engaged to him, than he can coax the planet VENUS out of her golden west into the dirty, gloomy, two-pair-back where his laundress cheats him, and his landlady abuses him; whence, perhaps, he occasionally emerges gloriously, all studs and white neck-tie—to assist at some young beauty's wedding, where he feels in his heart he might once have been the happy bridegroom—if from his silence she had not been driven to go desperately and sell herself to the old fool opposite, and is fast becoming, nay, is already become, a fool's clever mate; a mere woman of the world. And he, what a noble ideal he has

gained of our sex, from this and other similar experiences! With what truth of emotion will he repeat, as he gives the toast of 'The bridesmaids,' the hackneyed quotation about pain and sorrow wringing the brow, and smile half-adoringly, half-pathetically, at the 'ministering angels' who titter around him. They, charming innocents! will doubtless go home avouching 'What a delightful person is Mr. SO-AND-SO! I wonder he never gets married.' While Mr. SO-AND-SO also goes home, sardonically-minded, to his dull lodgings, his book and his cigar, or—he best knows where. And in the slow process of inevitable deterioration, by forty he learns to think matrimony a decided humbug; and hugs himself in the conclusion that a virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested woman, if existing at all, exists as a mere *lusus nature*—not to be met with by mortal man now-a-days. Relieving his feeling with a grunt—half-sigh, half-sneer—he dresses and goes to the opera, or the *ballet*, at all events, or settles himself on the sofa to a French novel, and ends by firmly believing us women to be—what we are painted there!

Miss MULOCK has divided her book into twelve chapters, headed, 'Something to Do;' 'Self-Dependence;' 'Female Professions;' 'Female Handicraft;' 'Female Servants;' 'The Mistress of a Family;' 'Female Friendships;' 'Gossip;' 'Women of the World;' 'Happy and Unhappy Women;' 'Lost Women;' and 'Growing Old.' There are few women in any class of life who will not sympathize with these 'Thoughts,' and find in them good advice and help for action. We offer our special meed of praise to the publishers of this work, for the very beautiful manner in which they have issued it; and indeed, for the style in which all their publications are placed before their readers. Their books have the appearance of being issued by men who have some respect for the authors they introduce. They are printed with handsome type, on fine paper, carefully revised, beautifully bound, and altogether have that perfect *ensemble* in their make-up, which indicates taste, liberality, and a just appreciation of the needs of an intelligent public.

ADELE: A TALE. By JULIA KAVANAGH: Author of 'NATHALIE,' 'RACHEL GRAY, etc. Three Volumes in One: pp. 574. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It would do the author of 'JULIA KAVANAGH' good, we think, were she to know with what avidity a new work from her pen is sought for. In a family, one has occasion more particularly to remark this: for no sooner is one of her works advertised in the daily journals, than inquiries are daily made for it, until it arrives from the publishers'. This stated, and conceded, we postpone an adequate notice of our author's last book, just at hand, until another Number; whetting our reader's appetite, in the mean time, with this merely incidental picture of the heroine:

'Yet her heart beat a little as she approached the door of the hall; she opened it boldly, then half-shyly paused on the threshold, and the pause gave the three ladies time to recognize her. Ay, it was ADELE. The light of the lamp fell on her flushed face; the gloom of the stair-case behind, as she stood with the half-open door still in her hand, gave double vividness to the distinct outlines of her young and graceful figure. Her hair was bound in the fashion of the day, with three velvet bands, blue to suit the silk dress of the same color, dark enough for the season, and light enough to show at night, which fell around her in rich and ample folds. A little black-silk apron, gayly embroidered in flowers of every hue, gave it a careless household grace. Jewels or ornaments she wore none, save a light gold chain that glittered around her neck, and fell down to her waist, but her collar and lace sleeves were thin and delicate as a cobweb, and, as in her half-bending forward attitude, her little foot peeped out from underneath the edge of her dress, feminine eyes could plainly see that her velvet slipper was trimmed with fur, and what fur: good heavens! sable, real sable.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTERESTING FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. — We have been much interested in '*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1858*,' a very valuable 'Annual of Scientific Discoveries and Improvements' in all parts of the world: edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., and recently published by Messrs. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston. We present two or three passages. The first is the following *Curious Anticipation of the Discovery of the Magnetic Telegraph*, foreshadowed one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, in BAILEY'S 'London Dictionary' for 1730:

'Some authors write, that by the help of the magnet or loadstone persons may communicate their minds to a friend at a great distance; as suppose one to be at London, and the other at Paris, if each of them have a circular alphabet, like the dial-plate of a clock, and a needle touched with one magnet, then at the same time that the needle at London was moved, that at Paris would move in like manner, provided each party had secret notes for dividing words, and the observation was made at a set hour either of the day or of the night; and when one party would inform the other of any matter, he is to move the needle to those letters that will form the words, that will declare what he would have the other know, and the other needle will move in the same manner. This may be done reciprocally.'

An ingenious instrument has been invented, called '*The Ophthalmoscope*,' which must supply a most important *desideratum*; for by its aid the human eye may be as easily examined internally as externally:

'THE instrument is in the form of a concave mirror, with a hole in the centre, in which a lens is inserted; to this another lens is added, which, however, is separate and movable. When the instrument is used, a lighted candle is placed by the side of the patient. The concave mirror is then held in front of the eye to be examined, while the movable lens is suspended between the light and the mirror in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of the first on the second. The reflected rays converge on the retina, and on passing through it diverge and render luminous the whole interior of the eye, which the observer can see by looking through the lens placed in the mirror's centre. The retina and the lens form a microscope, the multiplying power of which is about five hundred.'

Another remarkable instrument called '*The Sphygmoscope*' has been invented by Dr. ALISON of London, for indicating the movements of the heart and blood-vessels:

'It consists of a small chamber containing alcohol, or other liquid, provided with a thin India-rubber wall, where it is to be applied to the chest. At the opposite extremity the chamber communicates with a glass tube, which rises to some height above its level—the chamber. Liquid is supplied to the instrument until it stands in the tube a little above the level of the chamber. The pressure of the column of liquid in the tube acts upon the elastic or yielding wall of India-rubber, and causes

it to protrude. This protruding part, or chest-piece, is very readily affected by external impulse; it yields to the slightest touch, and, being pushed inward, causes a displacement of this liquid in the non-elastic chamber, and forces a portion of the liquid up the tube. The protruding wall of India-rubber is driven inward when it is brought in contact with that portion of the chest which is struck by the apex of the heart, and a rise in the tube takes place. When the heart retires, the India-rubber wall, affected by the pressure of the column of liquid in the tube, is pressed back, follows the chest, and permits the liquid to descend. The degree to which the India-rubber wall is forced in by the tube, and the amount of protrusion of the India-rubber wall which takes place when the heart retires is denoted by a corresponding fall in the tube. The tube is supplied with a graduated scale, to denote the rise and fall with exactitude. When the heart is excited, the liquid in the sphygmoscope rises and falls more than usual; but the rise and fall of the excited enlarged heart is much the same as the rise and fall of the excited normal organ. The sphygmoscope indicates with exactitude both the absolute and the comparative influence upon the heart, of food, cordials, stimulants, and tonic medicines. It does the same in respect to depressing causes, such as hunger, cold, and sedatives. With the aid of this instrument the fact is demonstrated that the action of the heart may be great when the pulse is small; that the pulse is one thing, and the heart's action another, and teaches that the pulse is only an approximate sign of the state of the heart.

Such are a few only of the wonderful and most important scientific discoveries of these modern days.

PAAS FESTIVAL OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY. — The last *Paas Festival of the St. Nicholas Society* was held at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel on Paas Monday. There was a lively and 'precious season,' although it should have been enjoyed by more than eighty-eight members out of three hundred and sixty-four. This remissness, it is pleasant to think, affected most the absentees; for if it certainly was not our 'gain,' it was as certainly their loss. It was our great pleasure to be present, after an absence from many previous festivals of the good patron SAINT; and seldom have we enjoyed a more delightful evening. The chair, of course, was occupied by the PRESIDENT of the Society, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK; and every one knows how *he* presides. Characteristic speeches were made, all short, and to the point, by the PRESIDENT; Judge VANDERPOOL; Ex-President J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN; PROFESSOR RENWICK; F. DE PEYSTER, Esq., Dr. VERMILYE; JOHN VAN BUREN; J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Esq.; Dr. BEALES, and others; while songs were sung, and *well* sung too, by Dr. J. G. ADAMS and Mr. HAIGHT, including 'St. PATRICK was a Gentleman,' from a member whose name we cannot now recall. Then came the vari-colored *Paas-Eggs*, (of which two bushels were consumed!) schnaäps and pipes; and good humor and abundant jollity prevailed, during the cracking-trials. One member was detected in the use of a Guinea-hen's egg, and severely reprimanded by the PRESIDENT. To show the universality and antiquity of Paas, by the way, we ask attention to PROFESSOR RENWICK's response to a call from the PRESIDENT:

'PROFESSOR RENWICK stated, that on entering the room, he had taken a seat near the foot of the table, and as a quiet member of the Society, had not anticipated that he should be called to the honor of the Daïs. Far less had he expected, even after 'honor had been thrust upon him,' that he should be called upon to speak. So far, indeed, from preparing to address the Society, he had been spending such intervals as he could spare, in the task, partly of deci-

phering and partly of translating a very interesting paper which had been put into his hands by the President. The President had stated to the Society, that it was a portion of a letter describing the manners and customs of the Chaldean Church in Mesopotamia, and that it had reference to the observation of Paäs. The manuscript appeared, on first inspection, to be written in a curious variety of the arrow-headed character, and it was feared that it might be in some Eastern tongue; but on more close inspection, it proved to be Latin, written in a very neat but not very legible Italian hand.

'As this manuscript contained matter very apposite to the serious business in which the Society was at the moment engaged, Professor RENWICK thought that a translation of it would be more interesting to his hearers than any speech which he could make, and he would therefore proceed to give it:

'O R I G I N A L.

'TEMPORE Paschalis Christianorum pueri emunt sibi quotquot possunt ova, quæ etiam rubro colore efficiunt. Alii autem viridi, aut flavo, ova sua subinde tangunt. Quinet in ipso foro sunt homines qui dato tempore ova hoc modo tincta vendunt.

'Ludus in eo consistit, ut unus puer manū teneat ovum ita ut sola ejus extremitas in superiore parte manūs inter pollicis et indicis complexum appareat; dum alter alio ovo tanquam malleolo superne ferit, pulsat quæ leniter. Ille autem cujus ovo accidit confusio aut levior aliqua fractura, vincitur, illudque suum ovum contusum perdit. Et sic deinceps proceditur. Postquam vero pro multis ovis luserunt, ille qui ultimus vincit, omnia quotquot ova alter lucratus fuerat reportat. Hujusmodi autem ova hac ratione non ita vitiantur quin postea pro minore pretio facile vendantur.

'Si quis fraude utitur et arte aliquā ova sua indurat ut ab altero frangi nequeat, quando fraus detecta est, si vir adultus ab officario punitur, si pater, ejus parentes mulctantur.'

'T R A N S L A T I O N.

'At the time of Easter, the sons of the Christians buy as many eggs as each of them can afford, which they dye of a red color. Some, however, dye their eggs green, and others yellow. There are also persons who keep eggs dyed in this manner for sale in the market-place.

'The game is conducted in this manner: One boy holds an egg in his hand in such a manner that no more than one of its ends shall appear above the upper part of his hand, held closely between the thumb and the fore-finger, while another, with another egg, strikes down upon the first from above, as if with a little hammer, and beats gently. He whose egg is crushed, or even slightly cracked, loses it. And thus the game goes on, until many eggs are at stake, and he who is finally victor carries off all the eggs which the other had broken or won. In this way the eggs are not so much defaced but that they may be readily sold afterward, although at a less price than before they were cracked.

'If any one hardens his egg artificially, so that it cannot be broken, when the fraud is detected, the culprit, if grown up, is punished by the authorities: but if he is still a boy, his parents must pay the penalty.'

The supper was superb: doing no less honor to 'mine hosts' of the St. NICHOLAS, than to the liberality and good 'taste' of the STEWARDS. The colored waiters, in their quaint costume of the time of PETER STUYVESANT, were present as usual, including good old 'ALEXANDER HAMILTON,' although he had been mentioned, at the last quarterly-meeting, as 'on his last legs,' and 'the hat' was passed around, and money collected to bury him! By some strange *hocus-pocus* he had been put 'on his legs' again, instead of under the ground. The company, (keeping good Dutch hours,) separated at half-past twelve, after 'uniting' in 'Auld Lang Syne.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The subjoined lines (although written several years ago) upon 'GREIG-Hall, Canandaigua,' will find a melancholy interest now, in the minds of hundreds of our readers who have participated in the kindly and elegant hospitalities of a noble mansion, which has lately been made desolate by the death of its esteemed and distinguished proprietor, HON. JOHN GREIG:

'HALL-GREIG: CANANDAIGUA.

'HALL-GREIG, with its court-yard of beauty and grace,
Is built on the Indian's Chosen Place:
For such is the meaning, the Iroquois make,
For the name *Canandaigua*, its land and its lake.
And right well it deserved, by their council's voice,
To be made the pet spot of the wild-man's choice;
For the lake and the forest abounded in game,
Here the woodland-deer coursed, and the bison came,
And the wild-fowl soared and the fish swam in pride,
And together, the wigwam, with plenty supplied.
Here the warrior-chief sported his arrow and bow,
And the squaw strung her beads and her feathers for show.
And on the lake's waters so tranquil and blue,
They paddled abroad in their birchen canoe.

'But how changed is the scene! By the white settler pressed,
The red man has hied far away to the west;
And scarce a memorial remaineth to day,
To tell of the race that is fading away!
Where the rude lodges stood, and the hunting-grounds spread,
A beautiful village has risen in their stead,
And along up the slope, as it springs from the lake,
Of civilized life and its joys you partake.
Here mansions and cottages, gardens, and fields,
Imparting the comfort that industry yields,
Are spread in profusion and beauty around:
Here the temples of worship and learning are found,
Beloved Canandaigua! so pleasant and fair,
What village with thee can in beauty compare!
And among all these homesteads, so tasteful and neat,
There are no grounds more lovely, no gardens more sweet,
Than are those of Hall-Greig, in its splendor and grace,
As it stands on the Indian's Chosen Place.
Oh! look on its grounds, and its green-house behold!
There are flowers of all colors, white, crimson, and gold.
There flourish choice plants from each far-distant clime,
The rich grape, the lemon, the orange and lime,
The apricot, nectarine, apple, and pear,
And the peach too, the best kind of all fruit, is there.
And of beautiful flowers, all the fairest and best,
Are here, from the north, south, the east, and the west,
From the tiny moss-flower and the violet sweet,
As they in their beauty, spring up at our feet,
To the stately magnolia, America's pride,
Which spreads its rich perfume abroad far and wide:
The dahlia, the various-hued, velvet-leaved flower:
And the cereus, which blooms but in night's witching hour:
The aloe, which, neither for smiles nor for tears,
Will bloom, till it makes you wait full fifty years:
The jasmine, the hyacinth, eglantine too,
And the iris, whose color is delicate blue:
The snow-drop, which peeps forth, first flower of the spring,
And the mountain ash gorgeous, when autumn-birds sing:
The shamrock, the thistle, the white and red rose,
The lily, geranium, and all else that grows,

At home or abroad, fragrant, fruitful, and dear,
 Are gathered in Eden-like loveliness here.
 And then, as you stand on the roof of the Hall,
 Before you field, village, lake, woodland, and all
 The landscape's rich beauties! Say, is it not true,
 That a scene of enchantment out-spreads to your view?

'But not the fair prospect, nor yet the bright flowers,
 Which imbue with their fragrance Hall-GRAB's lovely bowers,
 Nor gardens, nor grounds, nor the fruit-laden trees,
 As they gracefully bend to the summer's soft breeze;
 Not these are the charm, which we chiefly recall,
 As we think of the seasons we've passed at the Hall.
 No, 'mid all these fair scenes, the memory tends
 To mingle again with the warm-hearted friends,
 Whose kindness, nor distance nor time can efface;
 And who made the Hall ever our heart's Chosen Place.
 The traveller from Europe, who here has found rest,
 Will always remember his visit as blessed;
 As the place where, abroad though he happened to roam,
 He found all the welcome and blessings of home.
 And the throngs of the gallant, the gifted and fair,
 Who have here oft assembled rich pleasures to share,
 Though scattered forever, perchance they may be,
 In the wilds of the west, or afar o'er the sea;
 Shall number these hours of enjoyment and taste,
 As bright, sunny spots on their life's fleeting waste.

'Then long live our friends who inhabit the Hall,
 Be life's purest pleasure their lot, one and all!
 And as their career has been useful and bright,
 Be life's eve, when it comes, but a calm summer night!
 And life's latest dream, when we're summoned to take,
 Let it be a sweet slumber, from which we'll awake,
 To a new life immortal, where God in His grace
 Has prepared, in the skies, the soul's Chosen Place!
 There again, with the loved and the lost, we shall be,
 From the earth and its passions and troubles set free:
 In a realm, which God's mercy and truth shall pervade,
 Where love never dies, and the flowers never fade!

'Richmond Hill, Ontario County, N. Y., 1846.

Z. BARTON STOUT.'

Never was tribute better deserved. - - - THE incident mentioned below actually occurred in a little western town, not long since: 'We had, some time ago, a protracted meeting held here; and among the converted was a certain Mr. C——, who had always been considered a 'first-rate' horse-jockey: in fact, on *that* subject, he was always 'well posted.' At the time of his conversion, he was proprietor of a very fast trotter: and what to do with his '2:40 nag,' he was at a loss to know: but one day, shortly after he had become a pillar of the church, he met his old friend L——, a noted dealer in fancy horses. 'Friend L——,' he said, 'I have awakened to a sense of the evil course I have formerly pursued; I have realized a change, and joined the church; and I intend to lead a different life in future.' L—— replied that he was glad to hear it, 'for you know, C——, that you have 'lifted' me in our trades many a time; and *now* I hope you will be a little easier with a poor fellow.' 'Well,' says C——, 'you know I am the owner of the fastest trotting-horse in this county, and the change that I have experienced will not admit of my keeping such an animal. To make a long story short, I will sell him to *you* (as we have always been good friends) for seven hundred dollars!' L—— objected, and gave as a reason, that he had not that amount of money

just then to invest in horse-flesh. 'Never mind that,' replied C —, 'I will sell you the horse *on time*, and you can *win* that much with him before next fall!' This is an actual fact, you may rest assured. The 'parties' reside not a thousand miles from this place. - - - 'A CERTAIN elderly deacon, not a hundred miles from a flourishing town in Massachusetts,' writes a friend, 'more remarkable for his financial capabilities than for his knowledge of art, yet who, nevertheless, wishes all men to think him a connoisseur of works of the brush, happening to be at a lady's house, where there were being shown, by a very clever painter, some portraits, that were remarkably good likenesses, and were also excellently colored, forthwith proceeded to criticise. After looking at them some time, in all possible lights, and pronouncing the likenesses 'quite good,' he very pompously asked the name of the artist. On being told, the name of one of our resident artists, 'O ho!' says the old gentleman, 'they are moderate — moderate; but then they can bear no comparison with these paintings on the wall,' glancing at some fine French colored lithographs. 'But,' said my friend, 'these are French prints, and consequently cannot be compared with oil paintings, being in an entirely different style of art.' 'Yes, yes,' remarked our critic, 'I see, I see *now* what they are: I did not look very closely at first: but then they are not to be compared with the paintings in the parlor: do n't possess the life-like color that makes those pictures so remarkable. They are barely passable — barely passable!' And having delivered himself thus, he settled back in his chair, with an air of conscious taste and knowledge. About this time my friend was getting irritable, when happening to look up at the old gentleman, lo! and behold, astride of his venerable nose was a pair of a little the greenest spectacles you ever saw! My friend, for fear of an explosion, suddenly 'vamosed.' What *is* criticism? About seven-eighths of all that is said upon art amounts to *nearly* as much as that of the venerable deacons, who saw 'through green glasses darkly.' *Apropos* of criticism: here is a little bit of '*Theological or Culinary Criticism*,' which we derive from an esteemed city friend, which strikes us as being quite as 'rich' as the foregoing: 'Uncle DAVID and Poppy TEALE were elders in the — church of H —, in D — County, 'York state. Both were very deaf, and although occupying the front seat at church, could seldom hear the sermon. On one Sabbath, Rev. Dr. C —, from the city, occupied the pulpit, and his full voice was heard by each of the good old men. When the benediction was pronounced, while all the congregation were standing in silence, Poppy TEALE put his mouth to the ear of the other, and shouted with all his strength of lungs: 'I say, Uncle DAVID, was n't that REAL POT-PIE!' The audience very slowly and (*perhaps*) solemnly retired. - - - Is not this a beautiful passage which we quote from the letter of a lady-correspondent in Boston? It so impresses us: 'I awoke this morning, silently reciting a poem by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. My dear husband had read to me before retiring, from LONG-FELLOW'S 'FRITHOF'S SAGA' the description of a mid-summer night in Sweden, where he says the watchman in his tower can see the sun all night long; speaks of the 'long, mild twilight,' as 'the silver clasp which unites to-day with yesterday,' and more that is very beautiful. The memory of the reading mingled with memories of the gifted dead, so that I answered the 'Good Morning' which was just then spoken, with asking: 'Is not a true poet de-

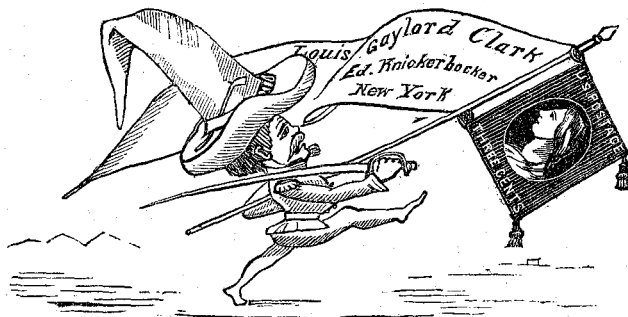
parted, like that sun of the Northland, which scarcely sets, and bears a golden glow along the horizon to his rising; and those who abide in the high places of literature never lose sight of his glory?' - - JUNE is *supposed* to be upon us, although a good deal in advance as we write; but it is even warm now, and will very soon be warmer; and when the fervent heats *do* come, what can we better recommend to our readers, 'here and elsewhere,' than our old friend and KNICKERBOCKER-lover, *Lucius Hart's Plated and Britannia Double Ice-Pitchers*, which may be found (as well as all other Britannia and silver-plated goods, at the lowest wholesale prices) at his extensive store, Number Four and Six, Burling-Slip? Step down John-street to Burling-Slip and examine these now most seasonable pitchers. They are characteristically and quaintly advertised by Mr. HART as follows: "'One SWALLOW does not make a SUMMER,' saith the proverb, but SWALLOWS from the PATENT ICE-PITCHER, taken 'all on a Summer's day,' will make one feel as if he were fanned by the breezes of AUTUMN.' Now is not that prettily expressed? - - - Our friend 'C. H. P.' requests us not to publish his epistle: but how can we help it? It is too good to be kept private, while there is nothing in what we shall quote from it that might not be proclaimed from the house-tops. Will not the public be glad to hear from the *pen* of one whose *pencil* hath such a cunning skill? Moreover, will they not be glad to know that the observant eyes of 'JOHN PHENIX' are not to be 'lost to sight,' as was at one period seriously threatened? Yea verily: and 'hence we view' the reason why we venture to present a portion of our friend's epistle:

'I AM glad to be enabled to give you satisfactory intelligence touching the dimmed orbs of our beloved PHENIX. I think he has reason to 'bress de Lor' he got any eyes left,' as the faithful NANCY would say. From the earliest stage of the difficulty to the present, he has been favored with no lack of advisers, and so beset with injunctions to 'take' all sorts of compounds, that the effect has been to add to the trouble by causing them all to become complete eye-sores to him. Indeed he has absorbed so much of drugs as to be almost made a drug of, if such a thing were possible. Not only have they fed him upon the rarest chemical decoctions, such as iodide of potassium, ipecacuanha, and other choice diet, but he has been 'multitudinously' regaled with that 'songster of the night, sweet Calomel.' He has also been 'shingled over' and clothed with poultices, as with a garment; and all these combined assaults effected at last a palpable *change*. 'And such a change! Oh! pills, and draughts, and plasters! ye are wondrous strong, and lovely in your strength, as is the glare of a 'bunged' eye inhuman.' Their effect was sufficiently potent to repair the existing obliquity, and educate the pupils into parallelism. This aberration removed, no particular difficulty is visible upon inspection of the organs. I have looked into their depths with all the earnestness of my Uncle TOBY when gazing into the melting orbs of the Widow WADMAN, and discovered no appearance of opaque matter; not a speck of sand, dust, chaff, beam, or moat, (nor draw-bridge, nor portecullis, for that matter,) any where floating therein. The slight remaining infirmity is doubtless seated more deeply: but the clutch of the disease is loosened, and a few well-delivered raps-medicinal upon its knuckles cannot fail to disjunct it altogether. The improvement is certainly so decided as to give him the occasional use of his pen without danger.

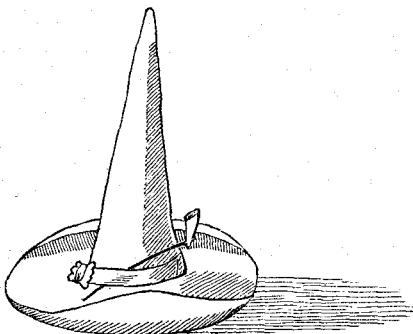
'I have perpetrated a small drawing of the new army uniform, as amended by PHENIX, which, if somebody who has borrowed it shall return in season, I will forward herewith. I have thought the new hat to be worthy of separate consideration, as to its convertible qualities; and some of the useful adaptations suggested by its form are shown in the rough sketches I inclose:'

And here come the *Illustrations of the Army Hat*, devised and introduced

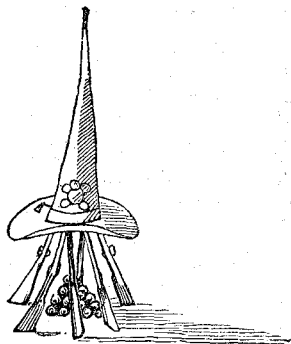
by FLOYD AND COMPANY, United States Hatters. And this, be it understood, was the envelope to the epistle which contained the drawings:



WE open with a *full-length* view of the 'new and improved article' of American military uniform. Standing thus as it were 'alone in its glory,' the reader can behold the good taste that 'rules' in the war-department:



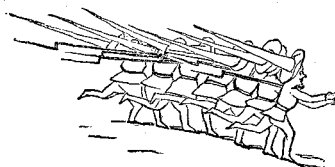
The second illustration exhibits the usefulness of the new 'Army Hat' in protecting arms and munitions of war. Observe how it broods over and covers them, like as the cap-sheaf of a wheat-stack covers and protects the grain beneath it, 'in Autumn's stormy hour:'

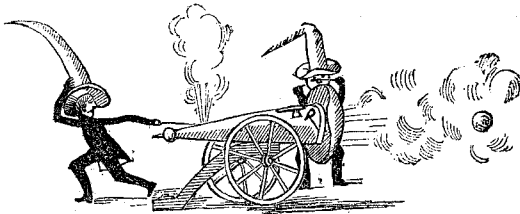


Our next cut represents a single specimen of a brave American soldier, and exhibits his terrific aspect when rushing upon the foe. Is it not replete with action? Reader, stand back!



Notice the formidable appearance of the troops in their new uniform, even during a retreat. They are hastily departing, like those at Bladensburg, because, as the custodian of that battle-ground remarked, 'they do n't seem to take no interest:'





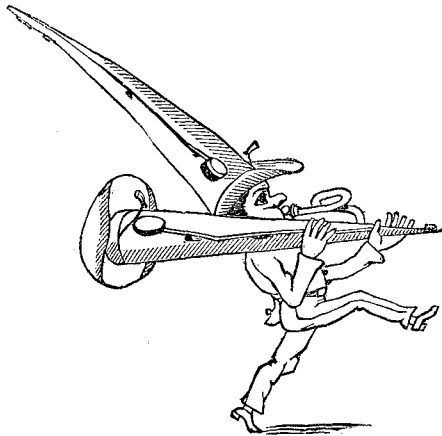
One of the most ingenious uses to which the new 'improvement' may be put, is represented in the subjoined engraving. How easy

thus to transfer a body of infantry into an effective corps of 'red artillery!' And the terrific nature of the 'arm' is only equalled by the celerity with which it may be 'brought into the field.'

Perhaps there is no one thing in which the 'Army Hat' may be made more remarkable, than in its utility in transporting the progeny of the soldiers from place to place. This is well set forth in Drawing Number Six. It will not require a very close scrutiny, to recognize in the contents of the hat-basket a higgeldy-piggeldy group of 'little folk;' and one of them has a finger to his nose, in a very suspicious manner:



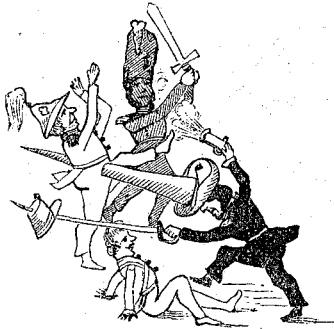
What would ANTHONY VAN CORLAER have thought, could he have converted *his* hat ('fitted' like the one depicted below, 'with a brazen lining') into his favorite warlike instrument? But we live in an age of 'improvement':



In the next cut, it is shown, how that, by a dexterous dodge, the 'HAT' entangles the weapon of the enemy, who, being instantly perforated, collapses. He receives the sword of his adversary, and 'expires without a groan:'



We come now to what we consider the *chef d'œuvre* of our artist. It shows 'how the Curatii are discomfited by a *coup de Hat.*' Perceive the rapid 'action:' observe the *chiar'oscuro*: notice the masterly 'handling:' remark the 'breadth' of the entire group: look at the fore-lengthening of the principal figure: view the sanguinary aspect of the entire scene:



Our tenth and last cut exhibits the extraordinary effect of a distant body of troops, under the 'New Hat System:'



Thus has it been shown, what an 'arm' has been invented, and is contained, in the new 'Army Hat.' Every day adds to the inventorial and mechanical evidences of the genius of our country! - - - The other day we chanced in at the APOLLO Rooms, where TROYE'S Oriental Paintings are to remain on exhibition a few days. The pictures are of large dimensions, embracing views of the Dead Sea, the River Jordan at 'the Ford,' the Sea of Tiberias, an Eastern Bazaar, and of a Syrian Ploughman, with magnificent Damascus in the background, and snowy cloud-embraced Hermon towering afar off. The artist has chosen for his subjects places famous in Scripture history, and faithfully represented on canvas the scenery, the purple sky, and soft atmosphere of the Orient, giving us also a very correct idea of the costumes, traffic, and rural occupations of the Syrians. - - - ONE of the things 'open to objection' in a person connected with an 'organ' of the PUBLIC, that many-headed monster, we think to be this: that he is expected to be wise, witty, or sententious, upon all occasions. Simply impossible. Do you happen to know *this*, reader, that every one MAN is an epitome of what is termed THE PUBLIC? Will you pardon the egotism that may be implied in what we are going to say? It is simply this: let *any* man, we care not who he may be; unlettered, 'lacking advantages,' and all that; but let that man express what he felt *when* he felt it; let him *write it*, as he TOLD it to his friend, when he felt it, and all hearts will respond to him. This is the first time that we have said it, but we are going to say it now; namely: that, whether some little thing from our humble pen, which came from our heart, and brought the tears to our eyes, or something quite otherwise, which made us laugh so as to make the very echoes of the silent sanctum reverberate; we have, in twenty-five years' experience, found that we were not alone in our sorrow — not alone in our mirth.